

FRANK LESLIE'S THE LEISURE CLASS NEWS PAPER

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THE COPENHAGEN CONFERENCES AND THE PEACE QUESTION.

It would be curious if, notwithstanding the careful abstention of the United States from all interference in European affairs, our indirect influence were to hasten the conclusion of peace. It is certain that, at the present moment, there exists a greater disposition, on the part of both the Allies and Russia, to come to an accommodation, than there has been at any period since the commencement of the war. The latter power seems at last to feel that the further protraction of the struggle will only increase her adverse chances. She has virtually lost the Crimea. Another summer campaign will, in all probability, cost her one of her finest provinces in the Baltic. The policy of the Allies in the North is so clearly mapped out by the mission of Gen. Cranrobert to Sweden, and by the speech of Louis Napoleon at the close of the Paris Exhibition, that the Czar cannot fail to be sensible of the peril to which he exposes himself by allowing the coalition to accumulate further elements of strength. The peculiar geographical relations which Sweden and Denmark occupy towards the northern portions of his empire, have hitherto rendered their neutrality a condition of importance to him. Should the Allies succeed in inducing those powers to abandon the cautious policy which they have hitherto observed, and to co-operate with them in their plans, he not only loses the moral support which their neutral attitude gave him in the eyes of the world, but he has everything to fear from their co-operation against him. There are certain historical souvenirs and popular affinities which, in such an event, would increase the dangers that he has to apprehend from the alleged discontentment of his own subjects, and which would be made an immediate and effective arm against him by the Allies.

The Finland provinces, as our readers are aware, belonged formerly to Sweden, and for more than five hundred years consti-

tuted an important portion of her territories. In 1721, the province of Sweaborg was secured to Peter the Great by the treaty of Nystadt; and in 1809, the remainder was wrested from the Swedes. The population are almost all Lutherans, and for this reason, as well as from old traditional ties, have a strong leaning towards their old masters. Of this partiality, the Russian government has always been extremely jealous, and has done everything in its power to neutralise it. It has, however, succeeded but partially, owing to the causes we have mentioned, and it would require but slight inducements to rally again the Finnish population round their ancient banners.

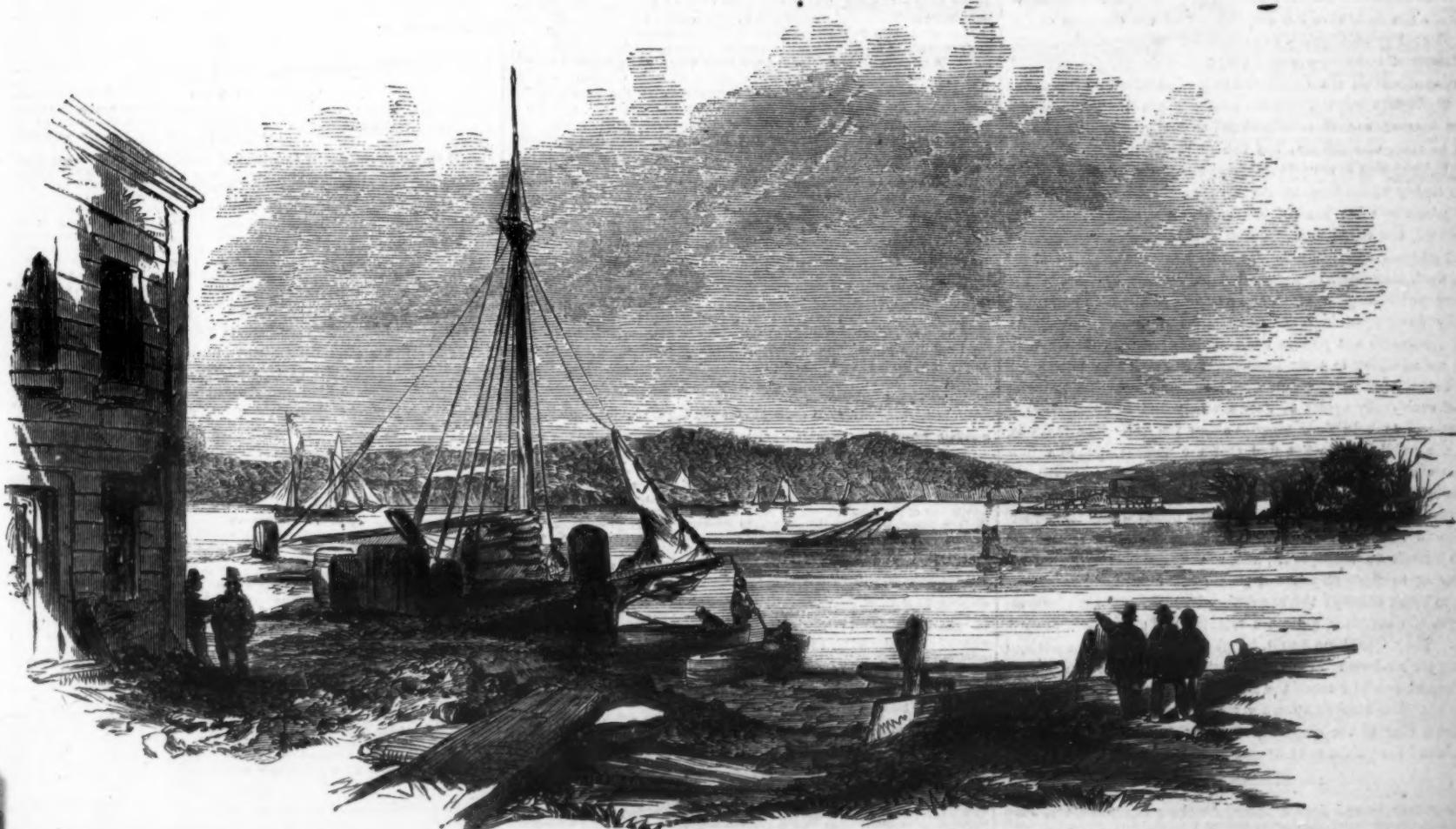
The bait held out to Sweden to join the Alliance, is the undertaking to restore and guarantee Finland to her. Such a temptation would be irresistible, in the altered circumstances of Russia, were it not for the ties of joint action in which she is bound up with Denmark. Without the latter power, Sweden will not move a step, and this explains why, so immediately after his arrival at Stockholm, General Cranrobert set out for the Danish capital. The reception which the French envoy met with from King Oscar and his people shows that the consent of Denmark once secured, there will be every disposition on their part to further the policy and views of the Allies.

The question now arises, what objects Denmark has to gain by abandoning the safe ground she has hitherto occupied, and encountering the perils to which she must be subjected by taking up arms against her powerful neighbor. The answer is an obvious one. The opposition raised by the United States to the payment of the Sound dues endangers her existence as an independent State. Were the European powers to take the American view of the question, she would be at once deprived of the principal resources that sustain her government. As it is certain that the compromise which she proposes by capitalising the tolls will not be accepted by our cabinet, she will have to fall back

for support on England and France, as the leading maritime powers. Unless they sustain her in any difficulty into which she may get with this country, in the endeavor to enforce what she considers her prescriptive rights, there will be an end to all question of toll or indemnity. Will they do this? The result of General Cranrobert's mission will solve the question. We believe, for our own parts, that the accession of both Sweden and Denmark to the coalition, if not already consummated, is on the point of being so, and that the price paid for the adhesion of the latter will be the effective support by the Allies of the capitalisation project against the pretensions of the United States.

That this fresh combination will have a favorable influence on the new peace negotiations which are said to be on the point of being opened, there is every reason to believe. The Czar is stated to have lately manifested considerable anxiety in respect to his position; and it is likely that the junction of two of his Northern neighbors with his enemies will aggravate his apprehensions, and dispose him to listen more willingly to the terms offered him. He will probably think it more advisable to agree to the *uti possidetis* condition now than when the Swedes are established in his Finland provinces. If so, our government will have the credit of having unconsciously contributed to bring about the conclusion of the war.

What our reward will be, is not quite so clear. If, on our side, we insist on carrying out the assertion of our principle of the freedom of the seas—and if, on theirs, the Allies support Denmark in the enforcement of the capitalisation indemnity—the consequence will be another serious complication, in which this country will figure as a principal. It would, however be useless to pursue this subject further, until the results of the Copenhagen Conference are before us. On its decisions depend issues of far greater importance than our immunity from the insignificant tax levied on our commerce.



SUNKEN SCHOONER LUDORA, FROM CITY ISLAND.

YANKEE PROGRESS IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

The last accounts received from Nicuargua show that the affairs of the Republic have already received an enormous stimulus from American energy. Every thing seems to be going rapidly ahead under the management of Walker and Kinney, and unless their authority should be overthrown by some unforeseen combination, nothing can prevent this State from becoming one of the most populous and thriving in Central and Southern America. The measures adopted by the new government are all marked by good sense, sagacity, and a keen appreciation of the difficulties that will have to be surmounted before unity and strength can be imparted to its institutions. The colonization decree which has just been issued is of the most liberal and inviting character, and will, we have no doubt, attract vast numbers of emigrants from all parts of this country. A free donation of 250 acres of public land is to be given to each single person who shall enter the State during the continuance of the decree, and each family settling in the Republic is to receive 100 acres in addition to the above grant to single settlers. A proof of six months' occupation and improvement will be sufficient to secure the government title to the lands. When our people become thoroughly acquainted with the character of the climate, soil, and industrial resources of this beautiful country, we are satisfied that it will not only receive a large influx of population but of capital. Nowhere can money be more profitably invested, and if, by judicious political arrangements foreign interference in its affairs be guarded against, the necessary security for it will be obtained. We are glad to see that one of the first points to which the attention of the new government has been directed is the independence of its external relations. To place these upon such a footing as will inspire confidence in the stability of the new order of things, Col. Parker H. French, late Minister of Hacienda, has been despatched as Minister to Washington to endeavor to settle the difficulties now existing between the Republic, Great Britain, and the United States.

We trust that our government will throw no difficulty in the way of such an accommodation as will prove satisfactory to the people of Nicaragua. All further causes of jealousy and uneasiness in regard to European interference in that quarter are removed by the late political changes that have taken place. We have only to let matters take their natural course, in order to reap the full advantages that we look for from the extension of our influence over Central and Southern America. By allowing the "Nicuargua Washington," as he is called, to follow out the bent of his genius in military and diplomatic matters, we shall have the work of propaganda and of annexation accomplished for us without any trouble on our part.

THE NEWSPAPER CRITICS AND THE PUBLISHERS.

A FIERCE war is at present being waged between the American publishers and the Press, in which recriminations are more freely exchanged than comports with conventional decency. The publishers, irate at the castigation which Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, and Fields received from the newspapers for their shabby conduct towards the *Boston Traveller*, endeavor, through their organ, the *Publishers' Circular*, to justify that proceeding, on the ground of the venal character of the criticisms of the leading journals. They assert broadly that the persons employed to write these notices are all accessible to bribes; and they contend, that, in such a state of things, Messrs. Ticknor and Co. were perfectly warranted in withdrawing their advertisements from the *Traveller* for its adverse notice of "Hiawatha." Without stopping to dwell on the fact, that the impartiality of the criticism of the *Traveller* rather tells against this argument, we may assume, without danger of violating probabilities, that if the publishers found critics as accessible as they pretend to the influence of corruption, they would take care not to make a noise about it. There are, no doubt, journals as well as individuals so needy as to render them open to such temptations; but the space of newspapers of any decent circulation is too valuable, and the liberality of publishers is too closely calculating, for the latter to submit to the exacting pretensions of "the Trade." Even were the critics as venal as is asserted, the economical question of space would be certain to defeat all such arrangements. That they are not quite so easily purchased, may fairly be assumed from the fact, that one of the leading publishing houses in this city was compelled to establish a daily newspaper, in order to puff off its own issues. As other houses do not possess the resources necessary to establish such an auxiliary to their business, it is reasonable to suppose that the spirit of competition would render them glad to make use of such ready agents as they say they find in the newspaper critics, and to hold their tongues about the fact. The truth is, that the publishers do not find that the present state of things works comfortably. In view of the quantity of trash in the shape of new publications with which they are inundated, most newspapers make it a rule not to notice books which do not advertise in their columns. The publishers find that this makes some inroads on their profits, and, as they are proverbial for endeavoring to grasp all without giving any thing in return, they seek to break through the regulation by making these wholesale charges of corruption against a talented and respectable body of men. They would, no doubt, be glad to obtain notices without giving their advertisements, but the proprietors of newspapers are not bound to afford them the aid of publicity without receiving some adequate compensation for the advantage. This is the true business view of the question, and any other is only calculated to mislead the public as to its merits.

Three men named Joseph Tham, Abraham Sherwood, and John Abrahams, were arrested on Saturday last, on suspicion of having stolen three bales of cotton, valued at \$100, belonging to Robert H. Hamilton, 51 South-street. The prisoners were arrested on board the sloop William H. Niell, lying at the foot of Vesey-street, in the hold of which vessel the stolen merchandise was found. The prisoners admitted their guilt, and Justice Welsh committed them for examination.

LATEST FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

From our own Correspondent.

PARIS, Nov. 23, 1855.

The most salient feature of intelligence in connection with the war is the reported result of the mission of Genl. Camerobert to Sweden. You will have seen by the London papers that his reception at Stockholm was enthusiastic in the extreme, his advent being generally regarded by the Swedes as the precursor of a declaration of war against Russia, which would be with them exceedingly popular. The hope of recovering the province of Finland, once a possession of Sweden, is of course the principal inducement to their joining the alliance. I question much whether it depended solely upon their political convictions and sympathies they would care to compromise themselves by joining the coalition. A report prevails here that a military convention has already been concluded between France and Sweden, by which the latter undertakes to furnish a contingent next spring to co-operate with the allies, in the event of peace not being concluded before then. This rumor is, however, probably only an anticipation of what is reckoned upon as likely to be the result of the French general's mission. It is but right to state on the other hand, that conclusions are formed from his hasty departure for Copenhagen, unfavorable to this assumption. For my own part, I am inclined to think that it is rather confirmatory of it than otherwise. The condition of Sweden's adhesion to the alliance will of course be the joint action of Denmark. Of the accession of the latter power I entertain not the slightest doubt, as the allies possess over her in the question of the Sound a powerful controlling influence.

The speech of the French emperor at the close of the Paris exhibition has excited a vast deal more speculation than it seems to me intrinsically to justify. His generalizations on the subject of peace are variously interpreted in their application, and the German states have had attributed to them all the point of these allusions. The feeling created by them amongst the latter, is certainly anything but favorable to the promotion of the object which the Emperor is supposed to have had in view, inasmuch as even the German liberals feel sensitive under what they consider a fresh attempt at French domination. I think myself that more value has been attached to these remarks than they deserve. They belong to the same class of platitudes as the famous *mot*—*L'Empire c'est la paix!* in which Louis Napoleon is fond of indulging.

There appears to be a general inclination both here and in Vienna to attach credit to the rumored disposition of the Emperor of Russia to enter into fresh negotiations that will be of a character likely to meet the views and demands of the allies. It is certain that Prussia has through her envoy M. de Munster been straining every effort to produce this pacific tendency in the Czar's mind. The principal obstacle to an accommodation will be offered by England, which is bent upon the complete humiliation of Russia. As to France, from all that I can see, there is a general desire to put an end to a state of things which interferes so materially with the development that might be given to her resources under the creative and fostering hand of the Emperor. She has already accomplished in the Crimean campaign sufficient for her military glory to render any further sacrifices in this profitless war unnecessary. You may therefore believe me, when I tell you that could a reasonable opportunity be found for coming to terms, the French people would be eager to grasp at it even at the risk of severing their alliance with England. Besides, I must inform you that but very little faith is entertained here in the stability of that connection. The death of Louis Napoleon, or what seems much more proximate, the overthrow of the Palmerston government would either of them probably give a fatal shock to it. Curious to say, the conservative and radical parties in England entertain such strong apprehensions of the formidable continental alliance which the French Emperor is endeavoring to organize against Russia, that they would gladly overturn the Palmerston cabinet, as the too pliant instrument of his designs. They entertain the opinion that the preponderating influence which such a confederacy would give him as its head, would, in the event of a rupture with England, become antagonistic to the interests of the latter.

The difficulty between England and the United States on the subject of the enlistment question has ceased to inspire any uneasiness here. It is believed, and justly, that two sensible and practical nations like the English and Americans will not go to loggerheads about such a trivial cause of dispute.

The operations in the Crimea may be regarded as virtually suspended for some months. Several brigades of the French troops have returned to France, but probably only to be replaced by others, as it is not likely that in presence of the large force maintained by the Russians on the Peninsula, the effective strength of the French army will be reduced. The Russian faith in the invincibility of Cronstadt does not appear to be as implicit as was pretended. Orders have been given by the Emperor to surround St. Petersburg with fortifications and earth-work, according to a plan drawn up by Prince Dalgozonki, the Minister of War. With the conviction, that this would seem to imply, it is probable that Alexander will be disposed to make large sacrifices of his pretensions, in order to insure the safety of the Capital, which has been created with such a vast expenditure of labor and money out of the marshes of the Neva.

The news from Spain have been more favorable of late. The Cortes are proceeding rapidly with the work of re-organization and improvement. A great number of bills have been voted and approved by the Queen for the establishment of railroads, electric telegraphs, agricultural colonies, river and harbor improvements, the regulation of emigration, the circulation of American money in Spain, and for a variety of other objects. The salt and tobacco trades have also been thrown open to the public after the 1st of July, 1857, and the government works for the manufacture of these articles have been disposed of at public sale. The abolition of State monopolies is a step in the right direction, and if the government can only succeed in extinguishing the hydra-head of faction, the progress of this hitherto unfortunate country will be placed beyond doubt.

P.S.—I see it stated in the *Cologne Gazette* and the Brussels paper, *Le Nord*, that the Copenhagen conference did not meet on the 20th, as fixed, in consequence of the refusal of the representative of the United States to take part in the proceedings for the capitalization of a tax, the legality of which his government contested. The ministers resident of the other Powers have, however, received instructions to listen to any propositions that Denmark may have to make on the subject, so that the negotiations will proceed all the same, notwithstanding the refusal of the American envoy to take part in them.

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA.

MURDER OF THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL—INTENSE EXCITEMENT IN SAN FRANCISCO—THREATS OF THE POPULACE TO LYNCH THE MURDERER.

From the San Francisco Herald.

One of the most cowardly and heartless acts of murder that we have been called upon to record was committed on Saturday evening in a public thoroughfare in one of the most frequented sections of the city. The victim, William H. Richardson, was a gentleman highly esteemed by a large circle of friends in this city, and occupied a high official position in the State. From all we are able to gather, it appears that Mr. Richardson had some trifling difficulty with a man named CHARLES CORA. Mutual friends interfered in the matter, and it was supposed that the difficulty had been amicably adjusted.

About 6½ o'clock last evening Messrs. Richardson and Cora were noticed standing in front of McAllister's building on Clay-street, below Montgomery-street. Several persons to whom both parties were known were standing near by, and presently Mr. Richardson was heard to remark: "Well, is it all right?" Cora replied: "Yes." They continued to converse in a low tone for some minutes, and by this time Cora had taken hold of the coat collar of the other with the left hand. Richardson suddenly exclaimed: "What are you going to do? Don't shoot me; I am unarmed." At this Cora produced a small single-barreled pistol, and before he could be prevented, shot Richardson through the heart.

The action was so sudden and unexpected, that the witnesses were for a moment paralyzed, and Cora held his victim against the wall of the house for the space of a few seconds, and then suddenly relaxed his grasp, walked away, but was arrested and placed into custody by officer Russell, who hastened with him to the Police station. Richardson was taken into the drug store of Messrs. Keith & Co., at the corner of Montgomery and Clay streets, where he expired almost immediately. An immense crowd immediately congregated in that vicinity, and it was found necessary to take the body of the murdered man to some more secluded place, and it was finally taken to the private office of the Clerk of the U. S. District court. By this time a very large and excited crowd had assembled, completely blocking up the passage of Montgomery-street, for a distance of two blocks.

At this time there could not be less than three thousand persons present. The utmost excitement prevailed. The fearful cry of "hang him! hang

him!" was raised. The public pulse beat a feverish rate, and it is more than probable that if the culprit had been within reach, he would have been executed on the spot. Several persons addressed the assemblage in favor of hanging Cora at once, while others counseled submission to the laws, and spoke in favor of the maintenance of law and order. It was finally put to the vote—a storm of ayes and noes followed. It was found impossible to decide whether there had been a majority in favor of or against hanging without recourse to law. The assembly shortly afterwards broke up into little knots, in which the enormity of the crime which had just been committed was discussed in a very excited manner. Others rushed to the station-house in order to ascertain what disposition had been made of the prisoner.

In the meantime, Cora was conveyed to the Station-house, and on being searched, two Deringers were found on his person, one of which had but recently been discharged. When the crowd began to gather about the Station-house the officers were alarmed for the safety of their prisoner, and determined upon placing him in the County Jail, for greater security. He was accordingly removed there. During the whole of these proceedings, Cora displayed the utmost coolness, and seemed never to have lost his presence of mind. During the walk from the Station-house to the County Jail, he appeared somewhat agitated and apprehended that he might be taken out of the hands of the officers by the excited people, frequently looking back to ascertain if he was pursued.

The Coroner's Jury which subsequently sat upon the body, returned a *dictum* of premeditated murder against Cora.

NEWS FROM SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

AN INDIAN WAR ANTICIPATED IN THE SOUTH—COL. WASHINGTON PREVENTED FROM CROSSING THE COLORADO.

News from the Southern portion of California is received up to the 7th inst. The most important intelligence is of the threatened Indian disturbance on the part of the Indians, the settlers at San Gorgona, fearing a rising on the part of the Indians, have already taken measures for their defense. They have also petitioned the commander of the garrison at San Diego for a small command, to protect them until further relief can be obtained.

John P. Shurburne, Secretary of a public meeting held at San Gorgona, in writing to the *Southern Californian*, says:

"From the late movements of these Indians there is reason to believe that they are meditating some evil. Several weeks since a Council of Chiefs was held here—for what purpose no one knows; but it was attended by warriors from all the neighbouring tribes. They kept their proceedings a profound secret.

The squaws are now removing into the mountains, leaving the 'fighting men' behind. As this is the first time such a thing has ever occurred here, it causes great uneasiness among the residents.

There has been much dissatisfaction of late, and within the last few weeks they have made various threats against the whites. They are apparently preparing for war, and the mountains are filled with them.

As the settlers in this Pass are scattered through a space of fifteen to twenty miles, they will be almost without protection in case of sudden difficulty."

"We have just received news from the Surveying party of Col. Washington, by a person coming immediately from him. The Indians of the Colorado would not allow him to approach the river, and he was obliged to leave there, without completing his line. He was encamped at a spring about ten miles from the river, when the Indians told him they would not allow him to drink their water or eat their grass. That before the next day at noon he must be gone. He left and traveled until out of their reach, leaving his animals scattered along the road. The Indians said his party was too small to fight; but if a larger party came they would fight them."

These rumored Indian disturbances are in close proximity to the Tejon Reservation. In view thereof the *Southern Californian* says:

"There is something wrong—either the Reservation is misunderstood, or it is of no use or effect, and we are inclined to believe, that as heretofore our people will have to depend upon their own exertions, with the assistance of Uncle Sam's troops, for protection."

The settlers in the neighbourhood of Gorgona have already suffered serious losses in stock, driven off by the Indians. One man recently lost one hundred head. The Indians complain of the action of the Government towards them.

ATROCIOUS MURDER OF TWO FUNCTIONARIES IN MONTEREY.

From the Alta California.

HON. JESSE WALL, Collector of the port of Monterey, and T. F. WILLIAMSON, an officer of the County of Monterey, were murdered on the 10th instant. The first reports were received here by express and telegraph, and produced an intense sensation throughout the community. Messrs. Wall and Williamson were on the road from Monterey to San Luis Obispo, and were assassinated when about 25 miles from the former place. They were both shot through the head, from behind—the wounds being apparently made by rifles.

Wall had upwards of \$1,000 in a belt upon his person, and Williamson \$150, also in a belt. None of this money is taken—from which an inference is drawn that revenge was the motive of the assassination. It may be, however, that the murderer intended robbery, but were alarmed before they accomplished their object, and to this hypothesis there is some evidence, to wit, that Wall's saddle bags were opened and his papers strewn about, his pistol was stolen, as also was a ring which was taken from his finger. Mr. Wall was a member of the Legislature in 1852 and 1853, and in the session of the latter year was Speaker of the Assembly. When President Pierce came into power, he was appointed Collector of the District of Monterey, which office he held up to the time of his death. He was well known throughout the State, and had a host of ardent friends. At present there is a mystery hanging over this tragic occurrence which time only can clear up.

A party of outlaws, presumed to be connected with the murder, were traced to the Salinas River, where they made a stand to resist an arrest from a company of men who were in pursuit of them. A fight ensued, in which two of the pursuing party were killed and two wounded, according to the accounts received by telegraph from San Jose, although subsequent advices represent that but one was killed. The whole country round about Monterey is in a state of great excitement, and determined to arrest the murderers. They cannot possibly escape.

NEWS FROM OREGON.

THE INDIAN WAR.

FIGHT AT COW CANYON, ROGUE RIVER—EIGHTEEN WHITE MEN KILLED AND FIVE WOUNDED—100 SOLDIERS COMPILED TO RETREAT.

From the *Freake Union "Extra"*, Nov. 5.

CAPTAIN PIERCE communicated the startling intelligence this morning of a pitched battle having been fought at Cow Creek Canyon, Rogue River Valley, on Wednesday last, between about 300 Indians and 400 regulars and volunteers, under Capt. Smith, U. S. A., of Port Lane. The fight commenced at one o'clock P. M., and continued till ten—the Indians retreating all the while, and firing back upon the whites. At length it was deemed necessary that steps be taken to provide for the wounded, and a halt was ordered, when the Indians rallied and commenced firing upon the men, to whom prudence dictated the course of retreating to an open space, where more effectual stand could be made, which they accordingly did. It was then ascertained that 18 of the captain's men had been killed and 25 wounded—some mortally, others dangerously, and a few slightly. A message was then despatched to Capt. George, at Althouse, who started immediately with 80 volunteer recruits. He would join Capt. Smith on Thursday, at an early hour, when it is expected that a renewal of the encounter will take place.

On Thursday last a scouting party of six returned with intelligence that about 250 Indians were in the vicinity of the heads of Autelope and Butte Creeks. Capt. Thomas Smith, with about 100 men, immediately started out, and it is feared that a serious encounter would take place. The attack, it was expected, would be made on Saturday or Sunday last. News of the result is hourly expected.

FIGHT WITH INDIANS IN SHASTA VALLEY.—TWO MEN MURDERED ON THE MOUNTAINS WEST OF TEEKA.

On Thursday last, a party of sixteen men, under Mr. Tupper, of Shasta Valley, fell in with a large body of Indians in the mountains dividing the waters of the Klamath and Shasta rivers. After a brief engagement and losing one man, the whites were compelled to retreat.

On Friday, a body of Indians were seen crossing Shasta Valley from the neighborhood where the fight occurred, and shaping their course for Scott River by the mountain trail from Scott to Shasta Valley.

It is rumored that two men—Mr. Snow, of the Klamath River Ferry, opposite Beaver Creek, and a man by the name of Scott—have been killed on the trail leading from the Mountain House of Doty & Doyle to the Klamath River. A party of twenty-five or thirty started from Deadwood, yesterday, to look into the matter. Those two men left the Mountain House on Tuesday evening last for the Ferry. On Saturday, Mr. Doyle went in search of lost animal, and found papers and a machiote, belonging to Mr. Snow, cut and torn up, and other marks of violence. These circumstances gave rise to the suspicion that both had been killed.

It would appear that there is to be no end to the assassinations by Indians, unless they are removed or exterminated. There was never before known to exist such a universal spirit of hatred and hostility towards the whites on the part of the Indians in Northern California and Oregon. The facts seem clearly proved by the dire intelligence received daily from all quarters, that there is no intent upon outrage and murder whenever an opportunity presents itself.

LATEST.

The following additional particulars are taken from the *Shasta Republican*, of Nov. 6:—

The bodies of the men murdered on the mountain were found yesterday. Each had received some six or seven wounds in the body. At the fight on Cow Creek Canyon, ten men were killed and thirty wounded. Lieut. Crooks came from the scene of action this morning, with a despatch from Capt. Smith to —— Judah, who immediately leaves with his men.

EMBARKATION OF TROOPS FOR OREGON—DISPLAY OF ENTHUSIASM ON VALLEJO STREET WHARF.

(From the *San Francisco Herald*.)
Vallejo street Wharf presented a busy scene on Tuesday morning, upon the occasion of the departure of General Wool and staff, and a company of United States troops, for the scene of the Indian war in the north. A very large number of citizens, among whom were many personal friends of Gen. Wool, were assembled on the wharf to witness the embarkation of the troops, and to tender to Gen. Wool the respectful homage due to a veteran officer on the eve of departing to engage in a military enterprise. At a few minutes before eleven o'clock, General Wool and staff arrived in a public vehicle. The general was simply attired in plain undress military uniform, and, but for his venerable appearance and naturally dignified person, one might have easily mistaken him for a subordinate officer. He was evidently somewhat fatigued by the arduous duties which he had been called upon to perform in preparing for this expedition.

In reply to some remarks addressed to him by a friend, relative to the proposed operations in the North, Gen. Wool said:—“I shall not be long absent from San Francisco.” As the steamer left the wharf, the large crowd that had by this time congregated gave three cheers for General Wool and the expedition. Gen. Wool responded by raising his hat and bowing to the assemblage. Among the ordnance stored taken on board at Benicia are four thousand stands of arms, to be equally divided between the troops of Oregon and Washington Territory; also, six hundred pounds of ammunition for the mountain howitzers, mentioned yesterday. In addition to the usual arms of the troops, each man is provided with a Colt's revolver.

LATEST NEWS FROM CHINA.

FRIGHTFUL BUTCHERIES IN CANTON—DEFEAT OF PIRATES.

Our Hong Kong date: are from September 18. ACCORDING to the *Friend of China*, Canton was the scene of frightful butcheries. On the 10th September a rebel chief was cut into two hundred pieces, and five hundred poor wretches were executed with him. The correspondent of the *China Mail*, writing from Canton, says:

“By a report obtained from good authority, it appears that over 70,000 have been publicly executed in Canton since Feb. 15, or Chinese New Year. About 27,000 were put to death at Shantung-fu, and 25,000 at the taking of the fort at Elsinheim Reach. In many places houses have been erected, where suspected persons are allowed to commit suicide, and thus protect their posthumous reputation. On the 9th of September one of the leaders, name KANE SIX, was put to death by a lingering process, having been sawed in 108 pieces. The leader threatened the northern part of the city last Autumn and Winter. More than 600 others were executed the same day.

In the *North China Herald*, of the 8th of September, there is a detailed account of a cruise against the Northern pirates, in which the British sloops *Bittern* and *Paonel* destroyed eleven junks—six they set on fire, four sunk, and one surrendered without being fired into, and was handed over to the mandarins at Tang-chow-foo, the Captain of her giving most important information.

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12th.

NOTHING has occurred in Washington since your last publication, so far as Congress is concerned, that amounts to “important news.” The Senate, which is decidedly old foggy and respectable, organizes and adjourns with the precision of machinery; in fact, it is really amusing to see some of the old-time office holders, take their seats, groan, look wise, vote for adjournment, and honestly believe they have saved the country. The administration members have everything their own way, for there are but three acknowledged whigs in the body, some few outsiders, who have been elected whigs, but have found causes to “get in the fence,” and thus have a favorable opportunity of seeing which side in the future will offer the best pasture.

In the House the excitement continues; forty-five votes for Speaker and no election! and this long and senseless contest, when there are votes in abundance to secure an anti-administration candidate. As I stated in my previous letter, I still think, that the Southern minority will out general the Northern majority, and thus secure a controlling influence in the management of the House. I was in hopes, that a Speaker would have been elected before your next issue, and that I could have furnished your column with an authentic portrait. The feeling now is that Banks will lead off for a few new ballottings, and then will be dropped, and some new man elected on a single ballot. Until the House is organized, and the President's message sent in, there can be no political news from this locality of any importance.

FRANK.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ISORA'S CHILD. 1 vol. J. C. Derby.

THERE is a considerable share of merit in this volume, proceeding from an anonymous pen; and there breathes an air of naturalness through its pages, that indicates genuine inspiration. There is great skill shown in the development of the various characters, and the psychological discrimination of the authoress is undoubtedly great. But the points on which the plot is made to hinge are less original than the conception and delineation of its leading characters. It is exceedingly complicated; and the duality of interest arising from the fortunes of two rivals' families, although nicely discriminated, and skilfully portrayed, draws largely upon the attention of the reader. Flora Islington, Isora's child, is surrounded by a veil of mystery in the commencement of the narrative, but her character is gradually developed in feminine truthfulness, until she becomes a type of exalted womanly nature. Certain passages through the volume indicate great descriptive powers, and there are sketches of country life which strike us as peculiarly charming and truthful. The tale is artistically alternated by quiet touches of nature, interspersed with the sterner emotions of the human characters; and the attention of the reader is preserved unflagging to the end.

We would mention to the charming authoress, that when we step aside from hurried and unadorned journalistic phraseology, into the more finished and graceful regions of fiction, that we would wish to see the elegances of literary composition more sedulously cultivated. The majority of the works of fiction which have recently issued from the American press, have been open to this objection.

Home keeping youth have ever homely wits,

says Shakspere; and these inelegant provincialisms which numerously disfigure this narrative, although trifling expressions in themselves, tend to destroy the illusion of romance, by bringing us back to the reality of our every day country homes.

THE SCHOOLBOY, AND OTHER STORIES, BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRE. By CHARLES DICKENS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This is a reprint of the last Christmas Tale of Charles Dickens, which tales meet with extraordinary success, and offer so little claim to the excellent reception that is extended to them.

THE PUBLISHER'S FESTIVAL: OR PARNASSUS "SERVED UP." By J. E. T.

This slight book appears upon our table, and in looking through its pages we know not whether to be most amused at the author's boldness in dealing with our contemporary publishers, or with the departed bards. If Dr. Hare will summon the ghost of John Dryden from the spirit world, and arraign J. E. T. before him, to answer for the liberties he has taken with his immortal lyric “Alexander's Feast,” we fancy the said J. E. T. would find “glorious John” somewhat disapprobatory at the metamorphosis he has accomplished.

PROSPECTUS OF ANALYTICAL HISTORY OF THE WAR. New York, J. E. Tuel, 140 Nassau-street.

If the sample afforded us by this prospectus is fully carried out, we shall unquestionably have a useful book. At the present time the public mind desires something more recondite than newspaper speculations, and an analytical history of the war would be eagerly sought for.

PHENIXIANA, OR SKETCHES AND BURLESQUES, BY JOHN PHENIX. Appleton & Co. There have been so many attempts made in this country towards a standard humorous literature, and there has been so little accomplished in that department, that we had long since grown to believe that our social aspects afforded but slight material for the satirist or the humorist, since we were unwilling to attribute the comparative want of success to any inferiority on the part of the writers. Indeed, it must strike any person who studies the genius of our community, that there is a “plentiful lack” of those coarse exaggerations, and social absurdities, which afford so much amusement in the pages of *Punch*, and lend so many salient points to French and English comedy. “Happy,” says some writer, “the nation whose animals are uninteresting;” and frequently we have been almost tempted to apply this exclamation to our case, by paraphrasing it into the expression, “Fortunate that people, whom the humorist cannot hold up to ridicule!” But, the advent of Phenixiana, we are free to confess, has dispelled our very comfortable illusion. On looking over this clever burlesque of American life—this *Ola Podrida* of history, science, philosophy, and sentiment—all genially aspired, and served up with a mirth-provoking humor that never wearied; we acknowledge the redoubtable John Phenix to have disturbed all our settled philosophy, and to have shown that we, as a people, are no less assailable to the far-seeing and discriminative eye of the humorist than our European neighbors. Some of the scenes here given are exceedingly rich; and a broad and racy humor pervades the whole volume.

POSTAL REFORM, ITS URGENT NECESSITY AND PRACTICABILITY. By PLINY MILES. Mr. Miles has devoted great industry to the elucidation of a subject, of paramount interest to our entire community. Postal reform is a subject that asks intelligent discussion, since the service and financial condition of our Post Office Department are at present alike unsatisfactory. The principles advocated

by Mr. Miles are eminently sound, and his clear, business-like manner in handling the subject, hows he has not entered upon the discussion without due preparation. We regard this as a very opportune publication.

THE INDIAN FAIRY BOOK. Illustrated by M'LENNAN. 1 vol. Mason, Brothers.

This volume purports to be a collection of Indian traditions, placed at the disposal of the editor by Scholecraft, the able pioneer in the literature of the Indian race. The stories, we are assured, are not the products of the present age, but constitute the traditional lore of the Red Men, and have been handed down, from time immemorial, by the untutored narrators, as they rehearsed around the lodge fires and under the old trees of America, the fanciful conceptions of their buried ancestors. Such an origin is eminently poetical, and if the editor can succeed in establishing, in the mind of his reader, a conviction of their authenticity, he has the aid of a powerful romance to predispose the reader to be borne away by what he presents before him. The similarity of the circumstance brings powerfully to mind the former attempt of Sir James Macpherson in assuming on oral perpetuation of the traditions which he furnished to his age under the name of *Ossian's Poems*; and, however much intrinsic merit his collection possesses as a purely literary performance, we believe he signally failed in his effort to convince the public, that they were the unmixed compositions of an individual bard who lived at the very commencement of the Christian era.

In this volume, we find ourselves introduced to the race of the Red Men under a new intellectual and theological aspect. We profess no intimate acquaintance with the social life of the Indian, and powers of thought and habits of intellectual refinement may exist amongst them entirely irreconcileable with our received opinions concerning them. Still, when the editor expresses a hope that, by means of these beautiful and sprightly legends of the West, the glorious debt which we have incurred to the Eastern World for her gifts of this kind will be, in part, repaid, we cannot divest ourselves of the misgiving, that, in some instances, at least, the contributions offered for that purpose derive their latent origin from the very source he would dedicate them to.

For the literary character of the volume, although presented with a certain meagreness of style, we find it abounding in fanciful conceptions and interesting incidents, and we certainly pronounce it well worthy a perusal.

LUCY BOSTON: OR, WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND SPIRITUALISM: ILLUSTRATING THE FOLLIES AND DELUSIONS OF THE 19TH CENTURY. By FRED. FOLIO. 1 vol.; ten illustrations, by Coffin. New York: Alden & Beardsley.

This is a book of keen satire, broad enough to be comprehended by every one, and yet so keen as to be enjoyed by the critical. Treating of the foibles of the moment, it exactly suits the times; for, like a polished mirror, it reflects the events of the passing hour. If our readers are disposed to indulge in a hearty laugh, let them sit down quietly and get acquainted with Lucy Boston.

THE HEART OF MARIE WARE. New York: J. C. Derby.

This is both a wonderful and fearful book: wonderful in its concentrated strength—wonderful in the bewitching beauty of its language—wonderful in its power of enforcing the attention; but fearful from its very genius—fearful from the effect it may produce, and from the horrible pictures of character it presents.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

SUPREME COURT—GENERAL TERM.—Dec. 10.

THE RIOT AS TO PROCESSION FOURTH OF JULY, 1855.

The People of the State of New York, agt. Edward Christie, and others. MORRIS, Justice. The defendants were indicted for riot committed in the Ninth Ward, on the Fourth of July, 1853, and pleaded not guilty. On the 14th Dec. 1853, the issue was tried before Recorder Tillou. There being no possibility of empanelling an impartial, unprejudiced jury, a new trial was granted.

SUPREME COURT.—SPECIAL TERM.—Dec. 10.

DECISIONS.

Charles F. Grim, and others, agt. Catharine Grim, and others. Order granted.

Susan Mersereau, and others, agt. John Mersereau. Order granted.

COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.—Dec. 10.—Before Junge DALY.

SUIT FOR ALLEGED TRESPASS.

R. J. Richards agt. Edward P. Clarke and others. To recover damages for alleged injury to machinery, &c., at factory corner Second avenue and Forty-second street, owned by Mr. Richardson. Verdict for plaintiff \$3,327 4.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.—Dec. 10.—Before Judge BETTS.

OBSTRUCTING AN OFFICER.

Michael Wilson, a stevedore on board the ship Texas, was tried on a charge of obstructing a Custom-House officer in the execution of his duty. The officer directed the accused to put down the hatchway, and he refused to do so, and threatened the officer, if he did not get out of the way, he would stick him. The Jury returned a verdict of “Guilty.”

COURT OF GENERAL SESSIONS.—Dec. 10.—Before Recorder SMITH.

“KNOCKING DOWN.”—TRIAL OF A RAILROAD CONDUCTOR.

John P. Hayden, formerly a conductor on the Sixth avenue Railroad, indicted for “knocking down,” or, more properly speaking, embezzling a sum of sixty-seven cents from his employers, on the 7th of September last, which amount, it is alleged, he collected as fare, and failing to return the same to the Receiver, appropriated it to his own use, was placed on trial at the opening of the court. The day was spent in taking testimony for and against the prisoner, who is of a good family, and who always, up to this transaction was proved, has sustained an excellent reputation. At 3 o'clock the evidence being all in, the court-room cold, and the Recorder having other engagements, the Court adjourned for the day.

THE CONFLAGRATION AT MEMPHIS.

On the evening of the 2d instant, the magnificent steamer George Collier arrived at Memphis, direct from New Orleans. She had on board a rich freight, mostly of groceries intended for the Memphis and Nashville markets. On making her landing, the George Collier came inside of the splendid packet Mayflower. Before the lines of the boat were fastened, a fire was discovered by the mate issuing from a small closet immediately under the steps, that came down forward, which spread with such awful rapidity, that in less than five minutes, the whole interior of the boat was enveloped in flames. Captain Burdett, who was in command, left the roof and went below to the cabin, and gave the alarm. He immediately went into the ladies' cabin to save the ladies, all of whom were asleep, and tried to get them out forward, but the flames and smoke drove them back, leaving them no chance to escape but by a small flight of steps near the water-closet at the rear of the boat. A few moments only elapsed before the Mayflower was also in a blaze, the flames extending at the same time to the wharf boat May Hunt, and in less than ten minutes, the three steamers were involved in a sheet of flame that towered above the tall chimneys of either boat.

The Mayflower had some four thousand sacks of corn on board, which she had taken in at Bradley's landing above here, on Saturday evening. Her cargo from New Orleans, except some sugar and molasses on the levee, had been delivered on Saturday. There was also a considerable amount of forwarding goods on board the wharf boat. In addition to their wharf boat, Messrs. Duval, Algeo & Co., lost their bakery. We did not learn whether they saved their books and papers or not. This is the second wharf boat we have seen burn up on the same spot—the J. M. White and the Mary Hunt.

The most mournful part of the disaster is the fact that some ten or twelve human lives are supposed to be lost, some of them by burning, and others by drowning, after jumping into the river. The George Collier had some forty cabin passengers, most of whom were asleep in their rooms, and in the hurry and confusion of the moment hardly knew what they were about. Several of those who were saved are considerably injured from jumping off the boat. Many of the saved were taken to the Gayoso in their night-clothes, where they were kindly provided for by the gentlemanly proprietors.

All the officers of the George Collier were saved, but neither passengers nor officers saved any of their baggage—nothing but what they had on. Mr. Lackland, the first clerk, went to the safe when the alarm was first given, and took out the money and valuable packages, but lost a bag of gold and the letters while endeavoring to save the ladies. The books and papers of both the Collier and the Mayflower were lost, and but a few of the officers on the latter boat

saved anything, except what they had on. The entire loss is estimated at not less than a quarter of a million of dollars. As the fire occurred in the night, the scene was awfully grand. The sparks loaded the atmosphere, while the flames cast a lurid glare over the face of the bluff, the thousands of spectators, and the buildings that towered in silent majesty above. Towards morning, these floating palaces presented but a melancholy mass of charred timber, the landscape wore a gloomy and repulsive appearance, and so closed in the circumstances, that marks it as one of the most destructive fires that has for a long time occurred on the waters of the Mississippi.

Following the fire at Memphis, another is announced at the steamboat landing at St. Louis, which commenced on board the Parthenia, an Illinois river packet. Soon after the fire commenced, a sharp report was heard, which proved to be bursting of a steam pipe on board the burning vessel, which was shortly followed by a deep detonation proceeding from the hold of the Parthenia, and the fearful cry of “powder” was echoed from mouth to mouth. It appears that two kegs of powder had exploded. The Brunette, which had just got her steam up to go out, had attached ropes to the James E. Woodruff, which lay immediately above, and to the New Lucy, which lay immediately below. The fastenings of those boats having been cast loose, they slipped out quickly and escaped contact with the flames, which were at that moment breaking out on the Parthenia. In the cabin of the latter vessel were a number of passengers, among whom were Captain Reed, wife, and sister-in-law, all of whom escaped unharmed. Adjoining the Parthenia was the Prairie City, to which the fire was speedily communicated on the extrication of the Woodruff. This left the Twin City pressing against the side of the Parthenia, and she, too, was soon caught in the embrace of the devouring element. The flames quickly mounted to the stern of the Sonora, which was lying immediately above; she was relieved by one of the ferry-boats. Together the burning mass floated down to the foot of Convent street, where the ferry boat with the fire engines on board, which had steamed down the river in the wake of the wrecks, took one of them in tow, and conveyed it to the Illinois side of the river, where it was finally extinguished in the turbulent waves of the Father of Floods. The second hull remained at the foot of Convent street until only its blackened ruins were slightly visible above the surface of the water, and the Parthenia, which was affixed to the levee by a strong chain, met her fate on the spot where the fire broke out. The boats lost were all “stern wheelers,” and their entire value together with the freights may be set down at \$50,000. The amount of property annually lost at the Mississippi, by fires among the steamers, can scarcely be conceived by those not familiar with the navigation of the river.

THE EUDORA IMMOGENE.

THE schooner, whose name appears at the head of this article, from a train of extraordinary circumstances, has acquired an interest not often accorded to a craft of any size in times of peace. The Eudora belonged to Deep River, on the Connecticut, twelve miles above Saybrook, her captain's name was William Palmer. On Tuesday, the 27th of November, she loaded with eighty tons of coal at Marion's & Power's yard, Brooklyn, and started for New Haven. The crew, as near as can be ascertained, consisted of the captain, the mate, a boy, and the black cook. Captain Palmer, whose family resides at Deep river, bore the reputation of a man of mild disposition, and unexceptionable character. On Friday evening, the 28th ult., this schooner was noticed by some boys off of the city island, and after attracting attention from her strange movements, she presently sunk, as a man, which afterwards proved to be the negro cook, was observed to put off in yawl for the shore. His awkwardness, and evident ignorance of seafaring life attracted attention, and excited suspicion, and upon making the land he was asked by Mr. McClellan, proprietor of the Hotel, where he had been, he remarked, that he was coming from New Rochelle, when in fact he was going towards that place. Messrs. John Bell and Joshua Levinus then came up, and it was determined to arrest the negro. The moment this was decided upon, Levinus leaped into the boat and secured a hatchet and knife, which kept the fellow from making any effectual resistance. Once secured, the prisoner was being led toward the house, when coming near a pile of earth, he suddenly attempted to run, and was so athletic, that he with ease shook off his captors, throwing them on the ground, and would have escaped, had not a stout man come to the rescue, and seized the negro behind, and pinioned his arms. Securely confined, the first question he asked was, “has the schooner sunk?” on being replied in the affirmative he remained silent. On a careful examination of the hatchet, it became evident that the handle had been carefully scraped to remove any existing traces of blood, but marks were left on the blade, and a small piece of bone was found in a crevice, and thus, the suspicion first aroused, that there had been some foul play on the schooner, was confirmed, and the probabilities of a foul murder suggested themselves to the captors of the negro.

Having been detained all night by Mr. Bell, who was a justice of the peace, on the following day (Saturday) he was put in irons, and confined in the county jail at White plains. On his person were found two pocket-books, one containing \$59, and the other \$1 80. The one containing the \$59 was in one of his pockets. A silver watch, probably worth \$30 or \$40, was found in one of his pockets. He had also a carpet-bag, in which were found a boy's shirt, and two pairs of shoes, evidently not his own. He first gave his name as George Williams, and, on Saturday, morning George Wilson, stating that he was 31 years old, and born in Pennsylvania. The property recovered was placed in the store of Mr. Charles McClellan, of City Island, on the responsibility of Justice Bell, who had caused the negro to be arrested.

The development of the facts we have recorded, created an immense excitement, not only in the city, but throughout the county of Westchester, and crowds commenced congregating on City Island. Nothing, however, was elicited to gratify curiosity; the deep water wrapped the hull in its silent embrace, and the topmasts, always visible, indicating her position, served only to aggravate and



THE EUDORA TRAGEDY—ARREST OF THE NEGRO.

The Eudora then commenced to settle in the mud with the receding tide, and when ebb tide had reached its lowest stage, she was not much higher out of the water than previous to the steamer towing her from the middle of the channel. At 3 o'clock, the tide being then at low ebb, the schooner lay almost within fifty feet of shore, and was about three feet on the starboard side out of the water. A boat, manned by Captain Arnold and others, then put off to the wreck, with the hope of finding some of the bodies; but they were again doomed to disappointment, as the cabin was almost entirely filled with water. A boat hook was inserted through a broken plank in the binnacle, but although great exertions were made, no trace of the bodies could be found. The number of persons on board the Caroline and Hornet (the wrecking sloops), could not at this time have been less than two hundred. All of them had come from long distances, hoping to be present at the recovery of the bodies; and when they heard that the cabin could not be searched for twelve hours longer, great was their chagrin. The friends and relatives of the deceased manifested the greatest anxiety in regard to the finding of the bodies. The negro, however, gave out, that they

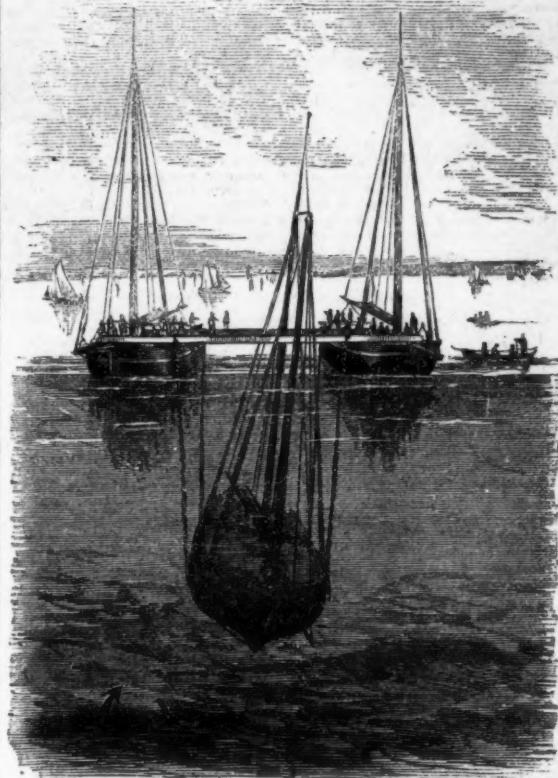
would not be found in the hull of the schooner, which proved to be correct.

The labor of raising the wreck was finally accomplished, and no sooner was this done, than the holes were discovered in the bottom, made for sinking her in the river. On the most careful search of the cabins no bodies were found; but more evidence accumulated in the turning up of bloody clothing, to confirm that a diabolical murder or murders had been committed. The inhabitants of the neighborhood, and the relatives of the deceased, now made preparations for dragging the river, and searching the shores for new-made graves. The greatest dissatisfaction in the meantime has been expressed by all parties interested, at the utter indifference displayed by the authorities in not promptly offering a reward for the recovery of the bodies, and for such other information as may lead to the punishment of the murderer. On the 9th instant, the Eudora was afloat, ready to depart for New Haven, the place of her destination. On the 10th instant a piece of flesh was discovered among the coal, and in the excited state of public feeling, it was pronounced to have belonged to a human body. Thus, it would seem, that every event

connected with this strange tragedy is so brought to light, as to sharpen, but not satisfy curiosity.

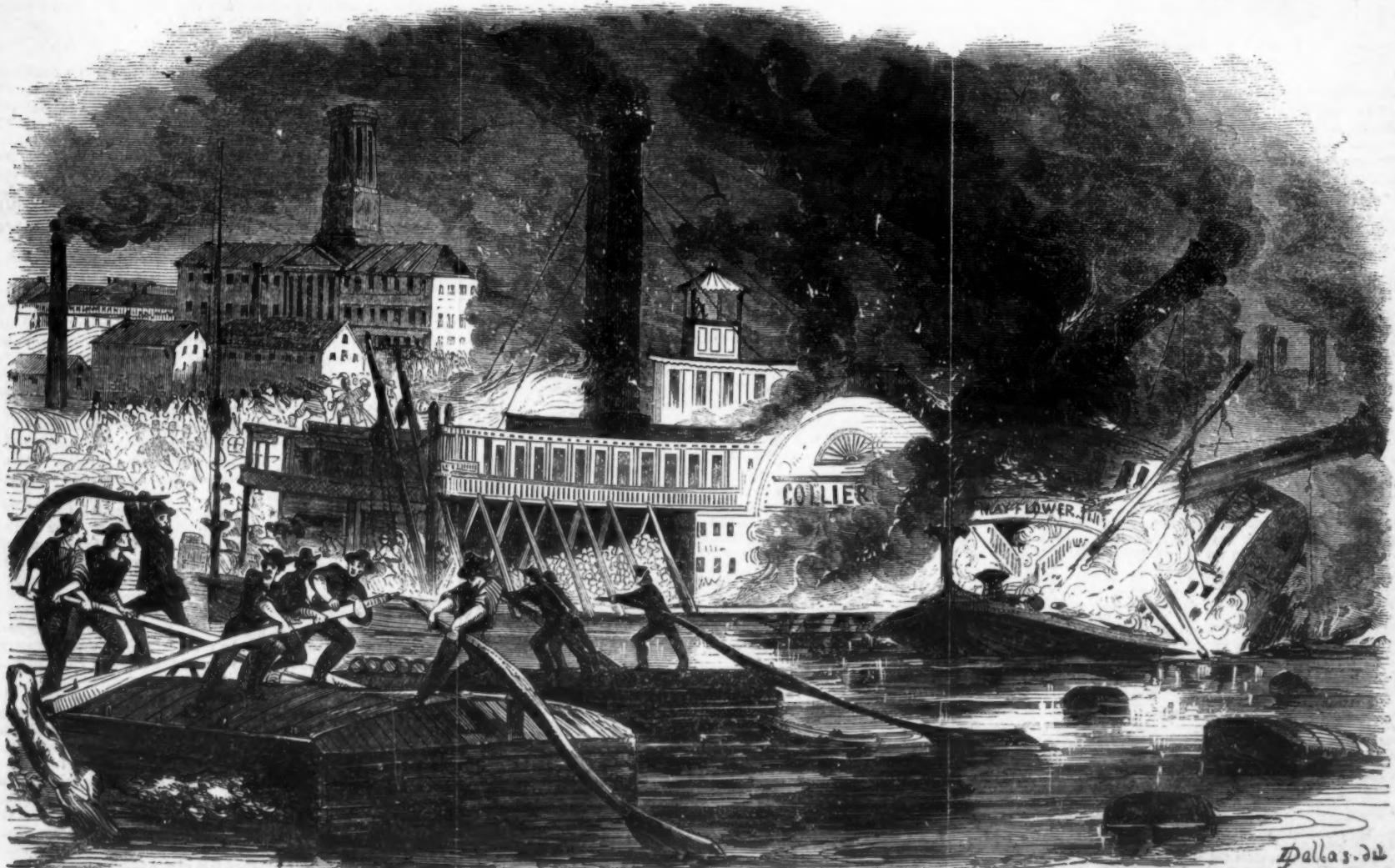
The negro, and presumed murderer, it is said, was employed by the Captain of the Eudora for the first time on this last fatal trip. His conduct, since his imprisonment, has displayed the utmost depravity and cunning. Finding himself a lion, among other ingenious expedients to attract attention, and make an "honest penny," he has attempted to exhibit himself for a shilling charge. The continued mystery about the bodies, and failure to find them, has evidently inspired the prisoner with new hopes, and every hour he assumes a more careless manner and more defiant tone.

The interest attached to the Eudora, from the uncertainty that hangs over the fate of its unfortunate captain and mate, continues to increase. That they are murdered, is now beyond a doubt; but how the ladies have been disposed of, seems most strange, for in all the searches that have been made in the water, and on the land in the vicinity of the place where the Eudora went down, nothing has been found to solve the mystery. The discovery of what is supposed to be a piece of human flesh confirms, in a great degree, the theory originally started by one of the spectators, that the murdered persons were deliberately cut up and thrown piece-meal into the river. The labor of dragging for the remains has been much interrupted by

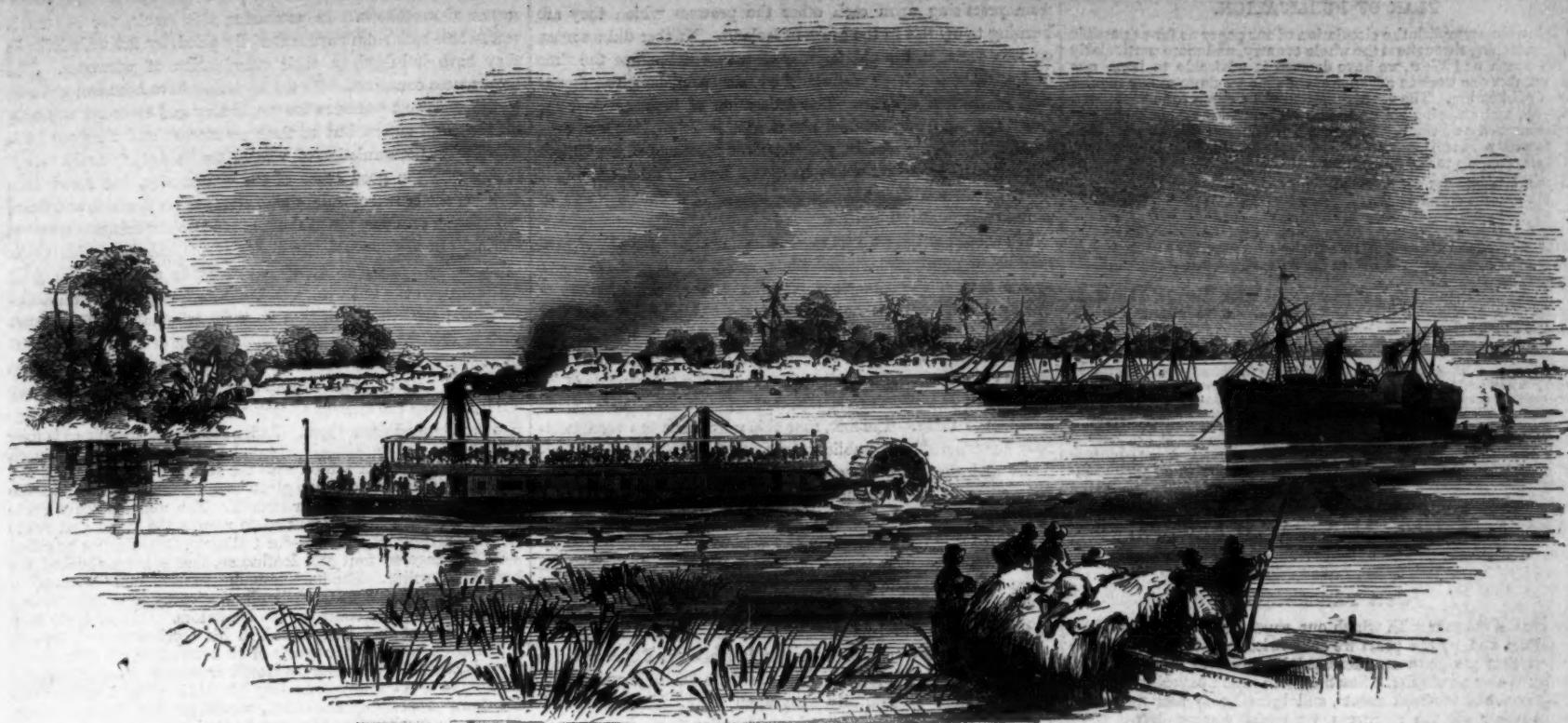


RAISING THE VESSEL.

the inclement weather; but the moment the elements permit, a thorough examination will take place, aided not only by an immense sweeping apparatus which has been prepared, but also by the dredging machines of the oyster boats. It would seem contrary to the well-established law, that "murder will out," if legal evidence against the negro of the crime he has committed should not be had; but if such were the case, the law can hold him for the larceny of stealing the yawl, and thus retain him in prison until time shall develop the dread circumstances connected with the murderer.



BURNING OF THE STEAMERS AT MEMPHIS.



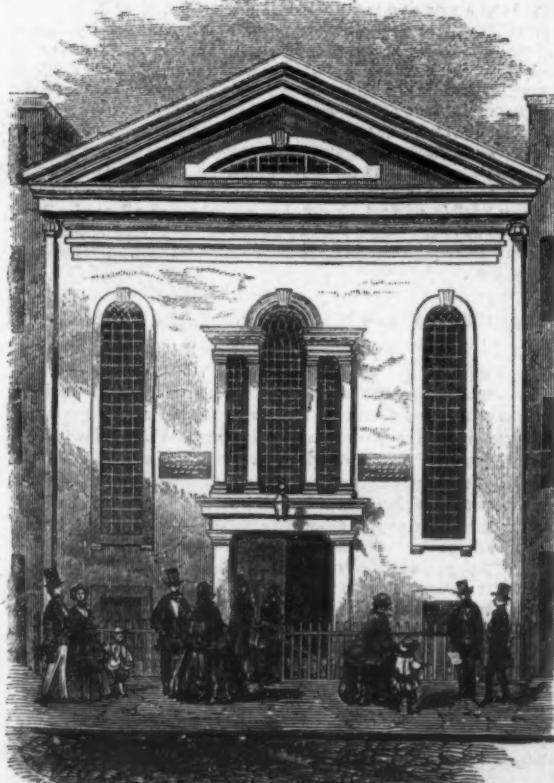
GREYTOWN, NICARAGUA.



COLONEL KINNEY.

SAN JUAN DE NICARAGUA.

For nearly three hundred years, San Juan Nicaragua, beyond a small number of Spaniards, was literally unknown to the world; but, with the opening of the gold fields in California, it suddenly became an important point, being on one of the shortest and most expeditious routes from the Atlantic States to our distant ports on the Pacific. The harbor is safe for vessels, and at every point presents picturesque views.



JOHN STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The town is situated on the southern side of the harbor, upon a sandy ridge, in the immediate rear of which is a lake remarkable for alligators; the whole background is solid with magnificent tropical vegetation. Point Arenos, which defines the mouth of the harbor, is a low sand bar, now rapidly washing away, and is occupied in part with the huts belonging to a few families of Mosquito Indians. These miserable creatures live on alligators and other disgusting amphibious animals. On the point are also to be seen the buildings belonging to the Transit Company, consisting of offices, a machine shop, and a large thatched building in which were constructed the little stern wheel boats that plied up the river San Juan, and took forcible possession of the place, on the pretence that the country belonged to his negro majesty, the King of Mosquito, of whom Great Britain pretended to be the protector; a British officer, under the high sounding title of "Her Britannic Majesty's Consul-General in Mosquito," assumed all legislative and executive power, and the name of the place was changed to "Greytown." A short time only elapsed before the possession of Nicaragua became a matter of contention between England and the United States, and in the excitement, the pompous British Consul disappeared, and the state became

when the constituted authorities were violently resisted in their attempt to investigate a case of alleged homicide. The complications growing out of this event led to the bombardment and entire destruction, in June of the present year, of San Juan, by the United States ship of war *Cyane*. The discussions growing out of this bombardment are familiar to our readers. The "old inhabitants" of the place, now principally Americans, immediately commenced rebuilding the town, and it has gone on rapidly improving up to the present time. Locally, it is quite celebrated from the fact, that about twice a month, "the King of the Mosquitoes" comes down in his canoe from the "interior," accompanied by two or three "hard cases," and gets on a royal spree; having thus shown the kindred propensities peculiar to royalty, he fills up his whiskey bottles, and retreats to his jungle, not again to appear until he is overcome with another royal thirst.

Colonel H. L. Kinney, distinguished in the Mexican war for his immense services as a pioneer to General Taylor's army, and known also as the proprietor and owner of the thriving town of *Corpus Christi*, Texas, conceiving the idea that Nicaragua offered excellent facilities for a "farming country," turned his attention to the



EXPLOSION OF A STEAM FIRE-ENGINE, CINCINNATI.

an independent government. The Americans, who were now crowding in, on their way to California, soon obtained a predominating influence, and from a sleepy tropical Spanish town, it became infused with the vivacity of a thriving Yankee village. Upon the question of the ultimate sovereignty, and the abstract question of territorial right, opinions differed. The Americans, however, were in favor of the indubitable rights of Nicaragua. In the settlement of these questions, the people of San Juan can have but little to say, and are obliged to conform to events they cannot control. England and the United States, meantime, recognised the existing authorities as *de facto* and things progressed peacefully until last year,

quarter; and has for a long time occupied a prominent place in the public eye, not only on account of his escape, with a few of his followers, from our harbor, and the police of the United States authorities, but also from the fact, that he is at present supposed to be the controlling spirit of the future of San Juan. From this point of view, however unsuccessful may have been his efforts up to the present time to accomplish all he desired and his friends wished, still his known perseverance, his capacity as a commander, and the circumstances under which he is placed, promise that he will eventually succeed, and that his name will be ornamented, not only with great political events, but also in the founding of a future empire.

PLAN OF PUBLICATION.

In order to accomplish the circulation of our paper as far as possible in a given time, throughout the whole country, and more particularly in the South and West, we have deemed it advisable to issue our first number one week in advance of the time set down as our regular day of publication. The country edition will contain the latest news, markets, and shipping list up to late on Thursday evening, and will be despatched on Friday. The New York edition will be published on Saturday Morning, and will contain the latest intelligence, markets, &c., up to the latest hour on Friday night.

Price, 10 cents per copy.
Six months Subscription, 1 volume \$2 00
" " 2 volumes 4 00
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One copy of the News & Frank Leslie's New York Journal, \$5 50 per annum.

Subscriptions should be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York. Communications to Frank Leslie's Illustrated News.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—If artists and amateurs living in distant parts of the Union, or in Central or South America, and Canada, will favor us with drawings of remarkable accidents or incidents, with written description, they will be thankfully received, and if transferred to our columns, a fair price, when demanded, will be paid as a consideration. If our officers of the army and navy, engaged upon our frontiers, or attached to stations in distant parts of the world, will favor us with their assistance, the obligation will be cordially acknowledged, and every thing will be done to render such contributions in our columns in the most artistic manner.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1855.

OUR PROSPECTS.

The cordial manner with which our paper has been received by the public and by the press we acknowledge with pleasure, and we feel that we have an increased incentive to make it more worthy of commendation. Starting with much experience in the management of pictorial sheets, and bringing to bear upon our first number all the resources we could command, we were nevertheless conscious of many omissions, and had to overcome unexpected and almost insurmountable difficulties. From our editorial brethren throughout the country, without an exception that we are aware of, we have received a hearty welcome, and our paper has not only been loudly spoken of, but the demand for a pictorial sheet of a high character universally admitted. From the public we have had the most substantial support. Without extending the announcement of our forth-coming enterprise beyond the most beaten channels, and consequently, having to labor under the disadvantage of not being as desirably advertised as we could have wished, the sales of our first number have reached to FORTY THOUSAND COPIES; and we are further encouraged by a rapidly increasing list of subscribers, including individuals of high standing, in every part of the Union. The experience of the past, though limited, has also developed the fact, that we shall receive literary and pictorial aid from quarters not known to us until called forth by our publication. More particularly have we been agreeably surprised in the proffered aid of artistic skill from distant points; and we can assure our friends, that before many weeks have passed away, we will have an organized corps of "correspondent artists," who will give us pictorial intelligence from every important section of the Union, Canada, and adjoining foreign states. With these few remarks, which being personal, are made only because they are deemed imperative, we shall leave our future numbers to advocate their own claims to public favor, reiterating our promise, that no expense or labor will be spared to make our Illustrated Newspaper worthy of the generous welcome it has already received.

THE IRISH FIASCO AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

The late convention of Irish filibusters at the Astor House is an event that cannot be passed over without notice. If it were only for the courage which urges men to attempt vast objects with insignificant means, it would be entitled to a conspicuous place in the records of political audacity. The faith that would move mountains with a pitch-fork, may be sneered at by rationalists, but it is not the less deserving of veneration for the sincerity of its convictions. If the force of our imaginations is not sufficient to enable us to soar to the sublimity of other men's conceptions, we can at least appreciate the originality of such flights. To do it justice, few political projects of our day equals in this quality the notable scheme matured at the Astor House conclave.

Eccentric as is the constitution of the Irish mind, we question if any idea ever occurred to it more paradoxical than that upon which the new league is based. To re-assert a distinct nationality after voluntarily renouncing it, is, unfortunately, too familiar a phase of Celtic humor to excite any surprise here; but to propose an invasion of the mother country for the purpose of imposing upon others this ultra-nationalism, and of liberating a people who protest not only that they are not enslaved, but that they will cordially assist in repelling their invaders, is something so disinterested and uncommon, that we are lost in admiration at the fervor of patriotism which it displays. This sentiment is increased when we measure the resources with which this redoubtable enterprise is to be undertaken. Of daring and competent military leaders, we do not question that there will be found enough amongst the refugee heroes of the last Irish insurrection; but of the other elements which are to compose the expedition, we have only heard of Col. Doheny's "men in buckram," and a dreamy sort of anticipation of Russian aid. How this formidable armament is to be conveyed to the British coasts, does not very clearly appear. Unless it is intended that the Grand Duke Constantine shall call round for it on his way to sack the English metropolis, we fear that there is very little chance of its leaders carrying out their patriotic objects. The credit of Irish political confederacies, unfortunately, does not stand particularly high just now amongst either our financiers or shipowners. It is a question whether even the adventurous proprietors of the Benjamin Franklin or the Grapeshot would be found willing to hazard the safety of their vessels in such an apparently desperate venture.

Whatever doubts may exist as to the chances of success of this truly Hibernian project, there can be none as to the warlike spirit, which animates the confederates. That love of a fight which at all Irish gatherings, whether political or social, has always formed their most salient characteristic, was never more energetically displayed than at the Astor House conferences. The gentlemen delegates could with great difficulty be prevented

from practising upon each other the prowess which they are burning to exhibit in the cause of Ireland. Neither did we miss, on this occasion, the old familiar feature which, since the time of Luttrell, has always distinguished Irish confederacies—that of marked mutual distrust. The accusation of having "sold the pass" was as freely bandied about at this Celto-American convention as it ever was in the stormiest meetings of the United Irishmen. The inferences to be drawn from this fact are not, it must be owned, favorable to the compulsory emancipation of contentedly enslaved Ireland.

We should not have bestowed so much notice on this absurd political demonstration, which finds no parallel that we know of except that of the famous convention of the "Three tailors of Tooley street," were it not to point out the useful results that may flow from it. It has covered with so much ridicule and contempt, these attempts to create separate national interests in a country which extends to all strangers equally the benefits of its institutions and of its protection, that we expect for the future to hear less of them. The fact, that this movement has been generally condemned and publicly censured by the Catholic priesthood, and the more respectable of the Irish journals in this country, is in itself an indication that our Irish fellow-citizens are getting ashamed of their old prejudices, and are desirous to fuse down into the unsentimental but practical spirit of American Republicanism. It is time that they should cease to disturb the peace and exasperate the feelings of the community which receives them with such a hospitable welcome, by importing into it their foreign antagonisms and hatreds. They must now be sensible that they have been invariably made the dupes and the victims of political intriguers, who use them for their own selfish ends, and then ungratefully turn upon them. This Massachusetts league will be found to be no exception to the blindness of Irish credulity. Its secret instigators are, there is reason to believe, Russian agents, clothed with the attributes, though not with the self-respect, of American citizens. The *iasco* at the Astor House fortunately renders it unnecessary for us to warn our Irish residents of the danger of listening to the arguments and temptations held out by men animated by such tortuous and mercenary purposes.

ANOTHER AEGEAN STABLE TO CLEANSE.

The reports of the proceedings of the Legislative Police Committee read more like chapters borrowed from Fielding's and Smollett's novels than the details of a modern judicial investigation. The rascality, corruption, and vice disclosed in them, on the part of the functionaries in the pay of our city government, are as rampant as the abuses satirized by those humorous writers in the days when justice was administered by drunken squires, imbecile persons, and venal police magistrates. We fancied that Mayor Wood had given a close overhauling to the department, but we find that the evils which we have signalized, have flourished with as much impunity under his *regime* as under that of his predecessors. No state of things was ever more revolting than that deposed to as existing under the present constitution of our police. Instead of being effective instruments in the maintenance and vindication of the laws, its members are described as obstructing the course of justice, openly selling its favors under the very porch of its temple, and conniving at and assisting the escape of the most notorious criminals. From the Justice Shallows down to the Dogberrys of the department, we hear of nothing but the most shameless acts of venality and profligacy, of which, to crown their disgrace, the weaker sex have been made the most frequent victims. We will not pollute our columns by alluding more specifically to the charges made against the police force; but the public, we are sure, will agree with us, that enough has been proved to call for prompt action on the part of the Legislature, and an entire and searching reorganization of the whole department. Without entering into the merits of the question of the nativism of the Chief of Police, we think that the facts disclosed before the present committee of inquiry fully confirm the propriety of his dismissal. Had he discharged his duty properly, and afforded an honest and energetic co-operation to the reforming efforts of the Mayor, much might have been done towards remedying the monstrous abuses which are now shown to exist in every branch of the department. As he has not thought proper to do so, be he native or foreigner, he should be made to pay the full penalty of his negligence.

It is a hard case that, taxed as we are to the amount of \$1,000,000 annually for the support of this department, we cannot hit upon a system which will secure us an honest and effective police. The fact is, that the more we pay, the worse we are served. It is natural that we should be so, as long as offices of trust and responsibility are made the reward of political subserviency and corruption. Until the Legislature devises some scheme by which our police force shall be rendered an exception to this vicious rule, we must, we suppose, submit patiently to be plundered and disgraced.

THE BAKER TRIAL.

On Wednesday evening the "Baker Trial" was brought to a close, and the jury retired for consultation. By this trial the fact is established, that there live among us bands of organized outlaws, who prowl our streets committing every variety of crime, every possible excess, and who are nevertheless not only known to the authorities, but are absolutely courted and paid by the guardians of our laws! At the commencement of the trial of Baker, it cannot be denied, that many substantial people took an interest in the result; a foul murder had been committed, and a hope was indulged that justice might usurp her sway and punish the guilty parties; but each day of the trial continued to banish hope, until at last public opinion abandoned the entire proceedings as not only a melancholy farce, but has been forced to treat it as simply the bold and defiant rehearsal, in the once sacred halls of justice, of the soul-damning

scenes of grogahope. In producing this result, the honorable counsel on both sides have materially aided, by the wide latitude they have indulged in their examination of witnesses. The occurrences connected with the homicide have been lost sight of, in the irrelevant pursuit after the history and character not only of the chief actors, but of their associates; and thus we have rolled up an accumulation of vice, of the doing of "fancy men," that sickens the good sense of the community, but throw into ecstasies the crowd of bullies who attend upon the trial, and have with few exceptions, the exclusive *entrée* to the misnamed seat of justice. In the proceedings, Baker is the only hero; he is surrounded by sympathizers, his character is defended, his good deeds are nursed; but witnesses, sometimes respectable and disinterested, are treated as if they were the criminals, they are brow-beaten, held up to contempt, made the butt of the grinning pit-like spectators, and sent from the stand exasperated by the insults they have received, and utterly outraged by the fact, that they are helpless in the attempt to seek redress for the personal indignities thus heaped upon them. Judge Roosevelt, strange as it may appear, has proven himself unequal to the task of presiding on the trial. Although armed with the supreme authority that the law and public opinion have given to our judges, he has been too timid to protect the public or himself. The confederates of Poole and Baker have been permitted to mount the stand and relate their disgusting experience—for testimony it could not be called—in language so foul and loathsome, that it even shocked the ears of the police. The bold announcement of one "witness" of criminal interference in the difficulty that ended in murder, caused no emotion in the court or the spectators. One of these men was so profuse and determined in his confession, and took so much pride in giving the details of his connection with the bloody tragedy, that the hint that he would *criminate himself* was unheeded, as he went on implicating himself in crimes, which, were the laws properly administered, would consign him to prison. The constant reiteration of witnesses stating that they drew their pistols and fired into the crowd at Stanwix Hall caused no emotion; yet the wearing of concealed weapons is punishable as a criminal offence. We could encumber our columns with the melancholy and dreaded details of this memorable trial, that are well calculated to call forth the chill of horror from every law-abiding citizen, and make him ask, where are these things to end?

NON-AGREEMENT AND DISCHARGE OF THE JURY.

AT 11 1/2 o'clock, yesterday, the Jury sent a communication to the Court stating in substance that so widely did their views differ it would be impossible for them to agree upon a verdict. The Jury then came into Court, and was finally discharged by the Court.

JOHN STREET METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

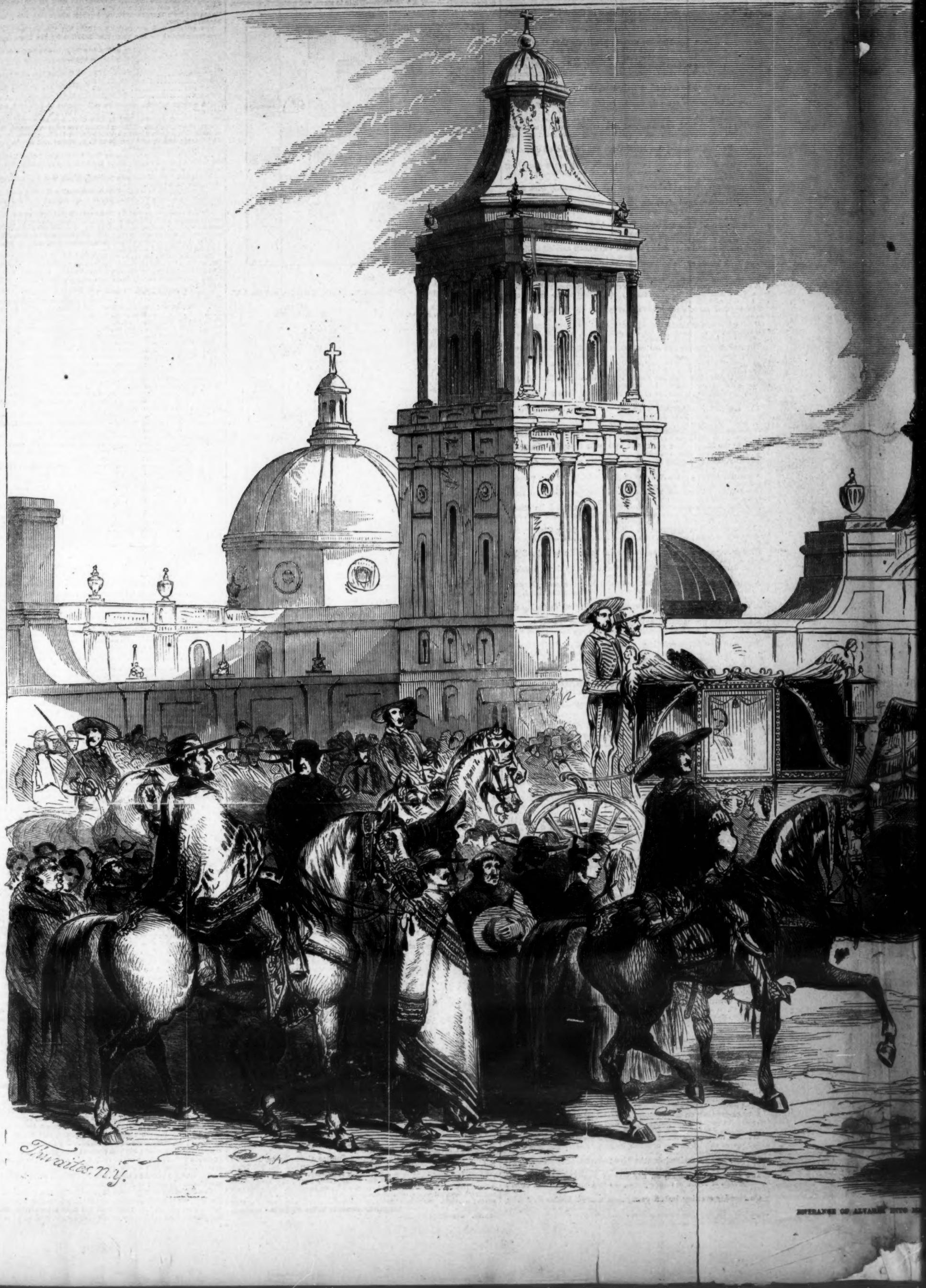
The attention of the public has been of late attracted towards this old and time-honored house of worship, from the fact, that a disagreement has sprung up among its congregation as to the propriety of moving "up town," and abandoning the foundation of the old church, to the ever unsatisfied demands of commerce. It is contended on one side, that the edifice should be preserved, because of its early and sacred associations, and especially, because it is needed in the present locality, where churches are few and far between. On the other side, it is urged, that the commercial value of the property, would provide in the lower wards in a less eligible place, so far as public worship is concerned, a larger building, and erect beside, a commodious temple of worship in one of the densely populated upper wards.

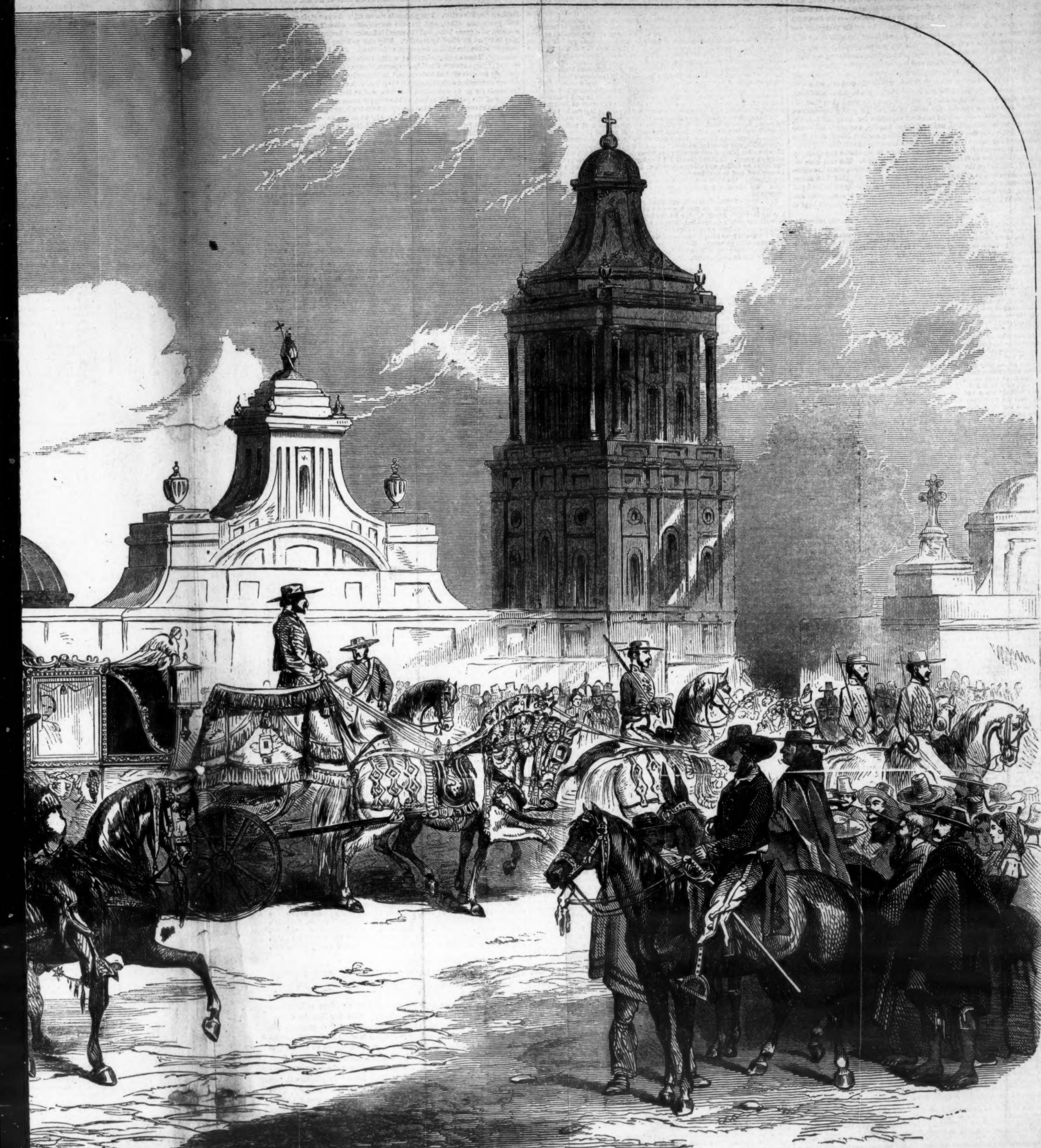
The early history of the John Street Methodist Church has much interest, and illustrates in a remarkable degree the simplicity and earnestness of its founders. In 1767, the original members were few in number, and most of them poor, and possessed of but little influence in the community. After many suggestions, ways, and "discouragements," a plan was submitted to the society and after some discussion was finally adopted. Subscription papers were issued, "a committee" waited upon the Mayor of the city and other opulent citizens, and explained the object in view; the consequence was, the receipt of such liberal donations, that the society was encouraged to go on with the undertaking. Thus cordially supported, several lots of ground in John Street were purchased, on one of which was erected the original edifice, measuring forty by sixty feet, which was the first Methodist church built in America. In compliment to the founder of the society, the edifice was called the Wesley Chapel. Owing to the municipal regulations of the "provincie of New York," the society was not allowed to consecrate the house exclusively for Divine worship, and to avoid this apparent breaking of the civil law, a portion of the building was devoted to domestic purposes. The first sermon by Mr. Embody was preached on the Sabbath noon of October 30th, 1768. The old building was demolished and a new one put up 1817. The widening of John Street caused it again to be rebuilt, the foundations of the present edifice (of which we give a faithful drawing) were laid in 1841. The inscriptions which appear upon the face of the building, are: "THIS CHURCH, THE FIRST ERECTED BY THE METHODIST SOCIETY IN AMERICA WAS BUILT 1768—RE-BUILT 1817." "ACCORDING TO THIS TIME IT SHALL BE SAID—WHAT HAS GOD WROUGHT? NUMBERS 22. 23."—"THE FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH RE-BUILT A.D. 1841." "THIS IS MY REST, FOR EVER HERE WILL I DWELL. Psa. 132."—The interesting discussion with regard to the ultimate location of this ancient church has ceased: and all parties have agreed to refer the whole subject to the action of Bishop Simpson, who will render his verdict on or before the 18th inst. His decision will be final.

EXPLOSION OF A STEAM FIRE-ENGINE, CINCINNATI.

ON the 6th instant, the steam fire-engine *Joe Ross*, was brought out, for the purpose of giving the city officials of Chicago, then on a visit to Cincinnati, the opportunity of witnessing its capacity and influences as a fire annihilator. The steam was raised to fifty pounds the square inch in seven minutes. The usual working point is sixty pounds. Some of the spectators present who understood the working of the steam machinery, seemed to be conscious that too great a head was on, it having reached as high as one hundred and eighty pounds, thirty-five pounds more than at any previous trial. About four o'clock, at the time the highest pressure was on, the hose-pipe burst, and some one called out to the engineer, John Winterbottom, to stop the engine; this he instantly did, and the sad explosion followed. Mr. Winterbottom was instantly killed—Mr. A. B. Latta, the inventor of the machine, was badly scalded, together with many others, who were more or less hurt. The explosion was so powerful that it threw Mr. W. some distance into the air, dismembering the limbs from the shattered body. Some panes of glass in the neighboring stores were also shattered.

Brady, the Daguerreotypist, last week, received from the editors of the London *Illustrated News*, an order for his ambrotype of Dr. Kane and the Arctic adventurers, and any other pictures of interest that he may have from time to time in his gallery.





ENTRANCE OF ALVARADO INTO MEXICO.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.—*Why does it not succeed?* To suppose that New York, with its million of people, in and surrounding—with its floating population of twenty thousand, almost as intent upon pleasure as upon business—with its wealth and intelligence, its taste and its liberality, should be unable to support one Italian Opera, is preposterous indeed. Of the wealth and liberality of our city, the Academy of Music, so vast in its proportions, and so splendid in its appointments, is evidence sufficient. We have, however, always considered the description of the Astor Place Opera House, and the building of the Academy, as a great error in judgment. It is well known that the Astor Place Opera House, although it held but fifteen hundred dollars, was rarely crowded, even with most excellent artists, and at the reasonable charge of one dollar admission, and fifty cents for secured seats. It must be borne in mind also, that the locality of Astor Place was all that could be desired for public convenience. If, then, this small house, with its excellent capacities for seeing and hearing, popular prices, favorite artists, and convenient locality, was rarely inconveniently crowded, where was the necessity of building another house, more than double its seating capacity, in a locality much less convenient? The only cause that could be reasonably assigned, was the desire to popularize the opera, by giving the first class of entertainments at a lower price. Has this been attempted? No, but on the contrary, the price has been raised, while the entertainments have not, in a like ratio, increased in excellence. That these causes may have some influence upon the general public, can hardly be doubted; but at all events, they help to swell up a list of grievances and mistakes, which has overshadowed the fortunes of the Academy of Music, almost beyond a hope of retrieval.

The intelligence and taste of our people have been triumphantly proved by their immediate, nay, almost intuitive, perception of the true position of new artists; to use a popularism, they "place" them at once; and with but few exceptions, their judgments have never been reversed. We do not mean to say that our public is so purely critical as to be able to detect the niceties or omissions in concerted vocal or instrumental music, or to pronounce upon the tempo of the movements of a symphony by Beethoven; but upon the broad principle of taste, there is no public on the earth more prompt or more just in its decisions. Their judgment upon that ever to be lamented, glorious artist, Sonnleitner, was unanimous. They found her somewhat worn in voice, but so perfect in all that constitutes a great vocalist, so warmly in her deportment, and inimitable as an actress, and so conscientious in the discharge of all her duties to the public, that they took her at once to their hearts, and never varied in their attachment and patronage.

They placed Albion at once in her just sphere; she was not idolized, but she was warmly, nay, enthusiastically admired, and would have won a lasting popularity here, but from a carelessness which grew upon her, and the indifferent performances which she presented. As an artist she got her deserts, and as a manager also—the one was a just tribute, the other a just rebuke.

Grisi, the be-praised and be-flattered of every country for twenty years past, met from our public a sober and well-considered judgment. To the world-renowned artist they gave a welcome, cordial, earnest and enthusiastic; a welcome worthy of a generous and refined people. That was before they heard her; but from that moment they judged for themselves, and their applause, now faint, now tumultuous, was a just index of her merits. Had Grisi depended entirely upon her vocalization, she would have utterly and justly failed; but the public perceived at once the grandeur of her conceptions, the breadth of her style, and the intense truthfulness of her delineations of the human passions, and bowing at once to the power of sympathy, forgave her failing physique, for the living glories of her artful soul.

We think it will be conceded by our readers, that we have fairly proved what we have claimed for our people, wealth, intelligence, and taste, and in proving this, the fact of the high character of our operatic institution everywhere the index of the liberality, taste, and refinement of a people has yet to be accounted for. There is one characteristic of our public which has not yet touched upon—that is their strong common sense. To this end the previous mentioned qualifications may be referred the signal failure of an understanding sufficient in its proportions, and carried on at an enormous sacrifice of private means.

From the opening of the house by Mr. Hackett, with Grisi and Mario, in the Fall of 1854, up to the commencement of the present season, several management have existed but for a brief period; giving place for the inauguration of a new failure. During that period, some ten months, it is said that over sixty thousand dollars were lost, not one of the several managers having been able to realize anything by his enterprise.

In October, Mr. W. H. Paine opened the Academy with the following artists: Madame La Grange, Miss Hensel, Mdlle. Alidini and D'Orsay; Brignoli, Amadio, Rovore, with others, and Max Mafetis as conductor. The *first error* of the management was the tariff of prices, viz: two dollars for the parquette and two first circles, and one dollar for the third circle. The *second error* was opening the season with the closing opera of last season; and the *third error* was in opening at the time when Racine was drawing three and four thousand dollar houses at the Metropolitan Theatre. As only the wealthy could afford to pay the prices demanded, and this very class constantly attended the most recent novelties, Racine, the Academy was almost deserted. Again, Madame La Grange, admirable artist as she is, can hardly be called a favorite with our public; she is recognized as a brilliant vocalist, as dazzling as Clotilde Damareau or Labord, but her voice lacks that sympathetic, heartful quality so necessary to give effect to dramatic emotion and dramatic situation, lacks the very essential which our public acknowledges, in connection with artistic finish, as the great qualification for a prima donna. As a mere singer of *fourth*, she is almost unequalled, but her style is too small for *Opéra-comique*. When the increased prices stared the public in the face, common sense drew a comparison between the past and the present, and judgment assisted in this comparison. The company at the Astor Place, consisting of Bosio, Steffanini, Annalia, Patta, Salvi, Bettini, Badiali, Marini, and excellent subordinates, at one dollar and one dollar and fifty cents admission, was contrasted with the present opera company at the Academy, at two dollars, and the comparison was so entirely against the Academy, that it was no wonder that the public looked upon it as an imposition—a humbug, and refused to submit to it. Finding that two dollars all round would not pay, the management advertised tickets at one dollar and a half, *without seats!* A more preposterous announcement could not have been made; it offered no accommodation to the public, for who would take a lady upon the chance of an un-ticketed seat! It was but a half-way concession to the young *habitués* of the opera, in short its only operation, if it operated at all, was for the benefit of the ushers, and the outside speculators. These men prey upon the public unmercifully; yet we do not blame them as much, (for it is their living), as we do the system which sanctions them. The ushers and the speculators play into each others hands, and the management aids them, looks on, and—though it may not know it—suffers both in pocket and reputation. We have known the head usher to place several hundred of tickets, marked "taken," upon the best seats, not one of which was really taken. The speculators, advised of this, acted their parts, and between them the public was effectually swindled, and this with the positive connivance of the managers or their supposed agents. This nuisance has become so oppressive, and so apparent, that it should be at once abated and disconcerted; that it has seriously damaged the reputation of the concern, undoubted, and has materially aided in determining its failure.

One other mistake will complete the catalogue of managerial errors. *Myrtille*'s grand opera *La Prophète*, was announced with much flourish; and to add to the *régal* of its production, a new tenor from Europe was to make his *début*. All the accessories were on a scale of lavish expense; money and art did all that could be done for its success; but the new tenor, whose appearance was to have added the brightest gem to this crown of jewels, failed, and being the point of interest of the whole, every thing failed with him. Common sense would have suggested the policy of depending upon a well-known and tried artist, rather than the temerity of risking the whole upon the success of an unknown man. However, it was to be, and the last hope of the management proved but a broken reed.

To sum up our remarks in a few words—with taste, refinement, and wealth; with a splendid building and competent workers in each operatic department; with a public notoriously fond of music, and liberal to a fault in its amusements, Italian Opera in New York is a failure, unredeemed by a single gleam of success, owing, we sincerely believe, solely to the incapacity and wilfulness of the management, which, with blindness and fatuity altogether unaccountable, and in the face of repeated warnings from friend and foe, persevered in keeping open the theatre for the *Few* and not for the *Many*.

One, and that out of this failure will arise an organization which will recognize the public alone as its basis of success, for without the favor and patronage of that ruling element, wealth and exclusiveness may sustain, but never can achieve success.

Mr. Paine has at the last hour adopted the advice which has been tendered him on every hand, even previous to his opening; he has reduced the prices to one dollar, with fifty cents secured seats. We hope, that even now this popular price may redeem some of his losses; at any rate, we feel sure that the experience of the past will not be without its effect upon him.

W. MASON AND C. BERGMAN'S FIRST CLASSICAL MATINEE.—A numerous and fashionable audience assembled at Dodworth's Room on this occasion. The selections were from the modern classics, or rather from the works of those who aspire to be ranked among the classic writers. All works are not classic which are written in classic form, and we very much doubt if time will accord that high term to some of the works selected on this occasion.

A Quatrain by F. Schubert, known all over the world as the most charming of song writers, was the first piece on the programme. This is a composition of much merit, but it does not rise beyond fair mediocrity. It contains nothing to call for particular remark, being rather pretty, ingenious, tedious, but certainly below the level of the classic standard. The second instrumental piece was a duet by Mendelssohn for piano and violincello, which was very charming as a composition, and was well played by Messrs. Mason and Bergner. Mr. Bergner, violincellist, produces a pleasant tone, executes neatly, and plays with taste, but his style is by no means large.

We were again compelled to listen to two songs in German from Mr. Feder. Our opinion of this gentleman's singing was not rendered more favorable by a second hearing. He sings the notes with a voice not well produced, in a manner devoid of all style. The first song was by Wagner. Now it is hardly fair for Wagner, who is most earnest in his abuse of Mendelssohn, to steal from the man he condemns, and yet the leading and opening idea of this song, and the

identical notes, are taken from the overture to *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Perhaps, however, a portion of the new light theory is to steal, in order to improve the article stolen! The second song was a most lovely composition by O. Nicolai. Its subject was a butterfly, and most felicitously was the subject treated; but imagine M. Feder, with his ponderous manner, singing about a butterfly—an elephant describing the delights of skimming through the air!

A Trio, for piano, violin, and violincello, by the latest new light of Germany, Johannes Brahms, concluded the concert. We went much prejudiced against this writer, for he is also called a prophet in the art, but as we listened, we were joyfully compelled to acknowledge that there was the ring of the true metal in him. His ideas are fresh, and his treatment of them original; he has much fancy, sometimes bordering on the ridiculous, but boldness in his forms, so much earnestness of purpose, and nobility in his treatment, that we were sorry when the echo of the last note died into silence. These are our impressions upon hearing the fine work of Brahms; a second hearing and examination may modify them, but in music we have great faith in first impressions, and we shall be much mistaken if we do not find in the future of Brahms that strong clear light which shall eclipse the Wagner mingling lantern for ever.

Of the quartette playing we cannot speak very favorably. It was correct as to notes, but very weak as to style. Mr. Thomas, the first violin, lacks in breadth and largeness of style, and physical and mental (musical) energy. Without these requisites, however correct in execution, quartette playing is without life, and devoid of interest. Mr. William Mason played very admirably; his execution is rapid and certain; his touch brilliant, and his force equal to every exigency. Most deliciously did he play his two solos, one by Chopin and the other by Heller, and all regretted that he did not comply with the encore he received, and so well deserved. He also played the Trio by Brahms exceptionally. We shall speak of him more particularly when we next hear him. We advise our readers to attend these *matinées*, for they are very interesting.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.—It is with unfeigned pleasure that we announce the intention of Gottschalk to give a concert at Dodworth's Room, previous to his leaving for South America. We hardly hoped to hear him again in public, for truth the public deserve but little at his hands, for America's greatest musical genius has been grossly slighted by Americans. It is the last time that New York will hear him, let us hope that his parting will be such as he may remember with pleasure. We feel sure that the true lover of music will withhold his presence on this occasion, and all may rest assured of an evening of exquisite musical enjoyment.

THE DRAMA.

BURTON'S THEATRE.—Since our last issue, Mr. Burton has brought out an American comedy, in five acts, entitled, *False Pretences, or both sides of Good Society*, and in spite of a cold reception on the part of some of the press, the play has sustained itself before the public, and may be considered quite a triumph. The charge brought against *False Pretences* is, that it does not present a picture of the good society of New York. Now, the term "good society," in this country, is so conventional, that it means nothing and everything; and this is the case with our theatres, with standards of excellence formed after European models, to judge of an American play, condemnation must be the result, because he has necessarily no correct notion of the matter before him. In England, a family circle, distinguished for virtue and intelligence, the husband a leading merchant, a man of wealth, the wife all that could be desired by the children ornaments of the race, deliberates courageously to denounce the vulgar, and is passed by the organization of society—while a "titled" family, though characterized by every vice disgraceful to humanity, is acknowledged "good society," and held up for emulation. Now we have nothing like this kind in New York, or in American society; our best people are neither titled nor pretending, have no received standard of external show; depending upon moral excellence alone, they are neither necessarily confined to the avenues, or the humbler homes of our citizens, but are fortunately scattered indiscriminately through every ramification of our social system. We should like to have our theatrical critics, who would from modesty hesitate to pass an unconditional opinion upon larger bier saloons, with which they are familiar, tell us how they become so authoritative upon what is good society, that they are as we can be sure, to be amused at their own pretensions.

Mr. Burton has exposed more money than any other manager, in attempting American plays. He has the field of European production before him, and to produced, but the piety, the point of the play comes, when their position degenerates from the even tenor of good society, into foibles and contrempts peculiar to no class. Lord and Lady Townley are very genteel people, but we would yawn over their history if the lady had not appeared in a seemingly questionable morality. Lady Teazle is good society, perhaps, but we admire her personalization, because she comes very near being a recruit of the worst possible kind. A picture of good society on the stage is an impossibility, for however much we may delight in it off the stage, the moment it is reflected behind the gas lights, it becomes insufferably dull, and we wish the parties before us less respectable, less moral, less well-bred. In short, anything that is much more difficult to judge of than even the mysteries of cheap drinking-shops. Is there an acting play on the stage, in any language, that pictures good society? Is there an audience, of any nation, phlegmatic enough to endure such a representation? Elegant and refined people are certainly introduced, but the piety, the point of the play comes, when their position degenerates from the even tenor of good society, into foibles and contrempts peculiar to no class. Lord and Lady Townley are very genteel people, but we would yawn over their history if the lady had not appeared in a seemingly questionable morality. Lady Teazle is good society, perhaps, but we admire her personalization, because she comes very near being a recruit of the worst possible kind. A picture of good society on the stage is an impossibility, for however much we may delight in it off the stage, the moment it is reflected behind the gas lights, it becomes insufferably dull, and we wish the parties before us less respectable, less moral, less well-bred. 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SYNOPSIS OF NEWS.

The Legislature of Virginia commenced at Richmond, on Monday, the 2d inst.

Major James Smith died at his residence in Gibson Co., Indiana, on the 24th ult., in the 2d year of his age. Major S. served with distinction in the war of 1812, and was a member of General Harrison's staff at the battle of Tippecanoe.

A despatch from Washington asserts positively that the British government declines giving such explanations or apologies as have been demanded by Secretary Marcy in regard to the neutrality by certain British agents.

The governments of San Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica protest against the recognition of Mr. Chargé Wieler of Walker's government in Nicaragua.

A hotel is soon to be erected at Delaware, the county seat of Leavenworth county, Kansas, to cost \$5,000.

A keg of butter was recently dug up in Litchfield County, Conn., which is supposed to have been under ground fifteen or twenty years. With the exception of a thin coating outside, the butter was found perfectly sweet.

During the year 1854, one hundred and sixty-five men were hung in the United States for murder. Of this number only seven could read and write.

At St. Paul, Minnesota, the Mississippi was considered closed on the 22d of November, the mercury having fallen to 16° below zero.

A bill has been introduced in the Georgia Legislature providing for the incorporation of a mining company, with a capital of \$900,000, with the privilege of increasing it to \$9,000,000.

An important seizure of altered bank bills has recently been made in Allegany city, Pa.

Ziba Dykeman, aged sixty-six years, a resident of Ballston Spa, who has been blind for the past fifteen years, was killed at that place by being run over by a locomotive.

Several parts of Ohio are now afflicted with sickness unparalleled in the history of the state. In Central Ohio, where the chills were never known, they have been shaking the people most cordially.

Five hundred and sixty sacks of corn have been carried to Zante, for the relief of the starving population, from Boston.

Two deck hands of the steamer Pittsburgh were very seriously injured while engaged in loading the boat at Pittsburgh, on Saturday, by the falling of a heavy barrel of glassware, from the deck to the hold.

A steam tow-boat, belonging to the coal establishment of Mr. Gillmore, three miles above Monongahela city, was burned to the water's edge recently. The boat is a total loss.

The supervisors of Suffolk have repealed the law for the preservation of game, passed November, 1854.

During a storm at Cadiz the lightning struck a powder magazine in the island of San Fernando, and caused an explosion, which did damage to the amount of 1,000,000 reals (\$50,000).

The deficit in the Post Office Department for the present year will be about two million and a half dollars, or some three quarters of a million more than last year. There has been added during the year some 3,700 miles of road service to the operations of the department.

James Dunlop has been appointed by the President Chief Justice of the United States for the District of Columbia.

William Cushing, a brother of the Hon. Caleb Cushing, has been nominated for Mayor of Newburyport, Mass., without respect to party.

The amount of counterfeit money in the market is estimated at five per cent. of the whole circulation. It is stated that in Canada there is a manufacturer that turns out ten thousand dollars per week. A Troy paper says that in West Troy it has been ascertained there exists a gang of counterfeiters whose operations yield a clear profit of \$20,000 per year.

Among the imports last week were two bulls from Hamburg, for breeding, which were valued at \$5,000.

The annual consumption of eggs in this city may be set down, in round numbers at full one hundred millions.

A petition is to be presented to Congress asking for the passage of a law for the protection of those persons who originate and prepare designs for articles, that business having been lately introduced into the United States and no such provision having yet been made for it.

The Supreme Court of the United States commenced its annual term at Washington on Monday, the 2d inst., all the members of the Court, except the venerable Chief Justice, being present.

The house of Mrs. Spelman, on Palmer Hill, Essex County, was burned down on Sunday morning, burning to death three children, from one to nine years old.

Four young men were drowned on Friday below Long Point light-house, on Lake Ontario, in attempting to take in a gill net.

John Sargent was elected Mayor of Cambridge by three hundred and seventy majority over Mr. Raymond, the Know Nothing candidate.

A building at the corner of Causeway and Friend Streets, Boston, occupied by Mr. Watson and Frisbee, turners, and for other mechanical purposes, was destroyed by fire. Loss about \$20,000.

A Police Justice, in Detroit, delivered an opinion declaring the Prohibitory Liquor Law unconstitutional in every important respect.

A destructive fire occurred at Homedale, Pa., on the 3d instant, destroying over thirty thousand dollars' worth of property, including two thousand hides.

Four men engaged in painting St. Alphonso's Church, Baltimore, fell to the ground in consequence of the breaking of the platform on which they were. All were seriously and perhaps mortally injured.

Chief Justice Taney has sold his residence in Baltimore, and intends living permanently at Washington.

The President has recognised Francisque Charles Alphonse de Laforêt to be Consul of France at Philadelphia, and Jules Etienne to be Consul of France at Boston.

The officers and employees of the Boston and Worcester Railroad had a good time together. A gold watch was presented to Mr. Bannister, one of the engineers, and four hundred and twenty-five turkeys were distributed to the married men among the employees of the road.

A bill has been introduced in the Tennessee Legislature to purchase the Hermitage in the name of the State, and to establish an agricultural and military school at that place.

The Hon. John M. Mason was, on Saturday, re-elected Senator of the United States from Virginia, for six years from the 4th of March, 1857.

John W. Rand, the noted bank robber, again broke from jail, in Concord, N. H., on Friday night the 7th inst., by sawing off the bars of his window.

William F. Morgan has been arrested, in St. Louis, for forging the record of a deed for a piece of property belonging to an old mulatto woman of that city, and to remove all difficulty from establishing a claim to her property, he hired two men to take her life; which they attempted by administering drugged brandy to their victim, and then striking her a severe blow on the head with a stone which rendered her senseless.

The crop of salt is entirely exhausted in Turk's Island, the last vessel leaving there with but a part of their cargo.

The Staten Islander says, that the contractors are progressing finely with the railroad on Staten Island. About a mile and a quarter is already graded and ready for the timber.

The Governor of South Carolina has appointed Monday, the 31st inst., to be observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

The house of Mr. Daniel Drew, two-and-a-half miles from Newburg, in this state, was totally destroyed by fire on Sunday night.

Eighteen newspapers are published in Minnesota, though it contains but sixty thousand people.

A man named Larkin Massey, of Carrolton, Ill., was recently shot by a neighbor to prevent him killing his boy, whom he was approaching with his knife, when under the influence of liquor.

The Louisville Times says, that three hundred families per week, from the last embark at that place for the "Far West."

Mrs. Daniel Wright, of Toronto, while on the Hudson River Railroad, complained of a pain in her head; whereupon a well dressed, genteel female fellow passenger offered to relieve her by bathing her temples with cologne. The lotion she used was chloroform, and during the insensibility of her patient, she stole her porte-monnaie, ticket, breastpin, and baggage.

A fire occurred at the Danville Junction of the Grand Trunk Railway, on Saturday night last, whereby several extensive woodshed and other buildings were destroyed. Loss \$6,000.

Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, the veteran of the Marine Corps, died at Philadelphia, on Saturday last, in his eighty-first year.

Mr. Cornelius Wilson, of Copake, Columbia County, N. Y., was buried alive, a few days since, by the caving in of the earth, as he was engaged in digging a well. His body was not recovered until the afternoon of the following day.

A civil war is raging in Roanoke College, Va.; a large portion of the students have rallied against the authorities of the institution, and have succeeded in winning over to their cause a portion of the faculty.

Captain Somers, Jacksonville, Fla., recently shot a large tiger, ten miles from that city, measuring six feet and a half from ears to end of his tail, and weighing between 300 and 400 pounds.

A track-repairer on the Western Railroad, named B. E. Johnson, was killed at the Pittsfield Station, Mass., on Friday last, by a freight-train, which ran over him as it was backing down.

William Sumner, assaulted a short time previously by two men named Coburn and Linton, died at Milton, Mass., on Tuesday last, from the injuries he had received.

The contract for maintaining the Fire Department of New Orleans has been awarded to John Youens for five years at \$100,000 per annum.

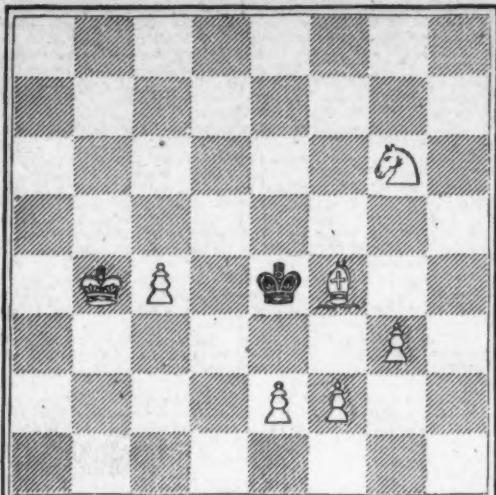
The steamboat Summitt, on her way to New Orleans, with five hundred bales of cotton was destroyed on the 16th inst. Boat and cargo a total loss.

On Monday evening last, a young man named Lucius D. Ashby, had both his legs cut off at Waltham, Mass., through falling while attempting to get into a car when the train was in motion.

CHESS.

PROBLEM No. II.—By Mr. THOMSON.—White to move, and mate in four moves.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Mr. G. B. Fraser.

1. K. P. 2.
2. Q. R. to B. 3.
3. R. B. P. 2.
4. K. Kt. to B. 3.
5. Q. P. 2.
6. K. to B. 2. (a)
7. K. B. to Q. B. 4.
8. B. to K. Kt. 3.
9. Q. R. P. 2.
10. Q. Kt. to K. 2.
11. K. P. 1.
12. Kt. takes K. B. P.
13. B. to R. 2.
14. B. takes Kt.
15. B. to K. Kt. 3.
16. Kt. to Q. 2.
17. R. to K. sq.
18. K. P. to Kt. sq.
19. Kt. takes P. (c)
20. Q. P. 1.
21. B. takes 2.
22. R. to K. B. sq. (e)
23. Q. to Q. 3.
24. P. takes Q.
25. R. to B. 2.
26. R. takes B.
27. Q. R. to K. B. sq.
28. Q. Kt. P. 1.
29. P. to Q. 6.
30. P. to Q. 4.
31. K. P. 1.
32. K. P. 1. (e.)
33. R. takes K. P. B.
34. R. takes R.

Mr. J. W. Gill.

1. K. P. 2.
2. Q. B. P. 1.
3. P. takes P.
4. Kt. to K. 2.
5. Kt. to K. Kt. 3.
6. R. to K. 2.
7. Q. Kt. P. 2.
8. Q. R. P. 2.
9. Q. Kt. P. 1.
10. Q. P. 2.
11. Q. B. P. 1.
12. Q. B. P. 1.
13. Kt. takes Kt.
14. K. Kt. P. 2. (b)
15. K. Kt. P. 1.
16. Q. to Q. 2.
17. Q. to K. B. 4. (e.)
18. Q. to B. 3.
19. P. takes Kt.
20. B. to Q. 2.
21. K. R. P. 2. (d)
22. Q. to K. 5.
23. Q. takes Q.
24. B. to Q. B. 4. (e.)
25. P. takes B. (e.)
26. K. R. to R. 2.
27. K. R. takes Q. R. P. (f)
28. B. to Q. 2.
29. K. to B. sq.
30. B. to K. 2.
31. Q. R. to K. 2.
32. K. to Kt. sq. (g)
33. R. takes R.
- Resigns.

NOTES TO GAME II.

(a) We do not see the meaning of this move. Why not play out his K. B. and then Castle?

(b) Pawns thus advanced are weak; he should rather have castled, and brought out his pieces.

(c) Well played; not the two Pawns, but the position he obtains is worth a piece.

(d) Better to have played K. B. to Q. R. 4 (e.) and then castle.

(e) Q. P. 1 first would have been much stronger.

(f) Injudicious. K. B. P. 2 would have been much better.

(g) His only chance would have been to take two Pawns for a Rook.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM I.

WHITE.

1. B. to K. B. 6.
2. Kt. to Kt. 4. (dis. ch.)
3. K. takes P.
4. B. to Q. 8.—checkmate.

BLACK.

1. K. to Kt. 4. (A.)
2. K. to R. 4. (B)
3. P. 1.

(A)

2. B. to Q. 8.
3. Kt. takes P.—checkmate.

(B)

2. K. to B. 4.—checkmate.

3. B. to K. 7.—checkmate.

METROPOLITAN NEWS.

A MAN named Charles A. Harkins was arrested, on Saturday last, on the charge of stealing four large oil paintings, valued at \$300, together with a variety of other articles, valued at \$100 more, the property of David H. Kennedy, of the Manhattan Hotel, Murray-street. The accused was taken before Justice Connolly, and held for examination.

Charles P. Anderson, colored, was arrested on Saturday, charged with stealing some wearing apparel from the house of Thomas Mackay, No. 12 Thompson-street, which he subsequently disposed of for a trifling sum to Mark Levy, No. 341 Spring-street. The latter party, on being questioned concerning it, denied all knowledge of the matter, but ultimately confessed to the transaction. He was likewise arrested, and detained with Anderson for examination.

As Mr. Timothy Eagan, of Manhattanville, was passing through Forty-fourth-street, on Lexington Avenue, between nine and ten o'clock, on Saturday night last, he was assaulted by two highway robbers, who knocked him down and robbed him of his watch and seventeen dollars in money. Eagan called loudly for help, but the villains made good their escape before assistance arrived. The wounded man was conveyed by some policemen of the Twenty-first Ward to the Station, where his injuries were dressed. The robbers are not known.

Samuel Jackson, late commission merchant, in business with his brother, at No. 82 Broadway, was arrested on Saturday last to answer the charge of obtaining goods on credit to the amount of \$5,297 from the firm of Joseph Sheene & Co., No. 64 Broad-street, by means of fraudulent representations. It is alleged against him that he obtained the goods at various times, each time representing that he bought them to fill an order, which representations are false, as it is alleged that he sent them out of the city, and had no intent to pay for them. Justice Connolly committed the defendant in default of \$10,000 bail. The accused denies the truth of the statements made against him, and asserts his ability to establish his innocence.

On Saturday night last, three young men entered the grocery of Mr. Dowling, No. 20 Fifth-street, and called for refreshments, which they refused to pay when served to them. One of them becoming abusive, the proprietor stepped to the door to call an officer, when the ruffians fell upon him and beat him severely, the abusive member of the gang stabbing him with a knife in the shoulder, and the parties fled. Mr. Dowling testified to similar violence, and added that the defendant "bucked" him several times in the face. On Monday, Justice Wood held the councilman to bail in the sum of \$300 for each of the three complaints, and his companion in \$300 to answer for assault and battery to the hack-driver.

John M'Donnell was taken before Justice Connolly on Monday last, charged with entering the house of Dorothy Hanitzai, No. 186 Sixth Avenue, and stealing therefrom \$46 worth of jewelry. He was apprehended by Officers Martin and Jourdan, of the Lower Police Court, who happened to witness him leaving the house, and arrested him on suspicion. Upon his pate were found a bunch of skeleton-keys, together with other tools in use among burglars. He is well known to the police, and is suspected of having been engaged in the recent burglaries committed in the Eighth and Fifteenth Wards. Committed for trial.

which ex-Governor F. S. Dimond, of Rhode Island, is the President. Since our last issue, we have seen the Message of the Governor of Texas, the Legislature of which State has recently convened. This document has an important bearing upon the project of the Pacific Railway, and Governor Pease appears fully to appreciate the advantages that must immediately accrue to Texas by the building of the road through that State. By the latest despatches from Austin, the seat of Government, we perceive that bills have been introduced into the Legislature to further still more the inducements for a speedy development of the interior resources of the country, by a system of railroads, in an appropriation to each mile of road constructed of \$5,000 towards the purchase of the iron necessary. This, in addition to the 16 sections, or 10,240 acres of land previously donated for every mile of road built, is certainly liberal and munificent. Texas possesses advantages of money and land which no other State in the Union can boast of; and by a proper and fair course in the settlement of her debt incurred during the establishment of her independence as a Republic, and which we see every disposition in the recommendation of Governor Pease and the Legislature to carry out, they must gain for her a basis of credit for investments of money that will advance her with gigantic strides, to eminence; and that in a few years will place her among the most populous and wealthy States of the Union.

We fully concur in the opinion expressed by the *New York Railroad Journal* of last week, that:—

"It will not be denied, we think, that what Texas wants more than anything else, is a good system of internal improvements. With her rich soil, extensive surface, excellent climate, and various products, a thorough system of railroads to her will be the real road to population, wealth, and greatness."

While Texas, therefore, is at work for her connection with the rich and fertile valleys of the Rio Grande, and the valuable trade of New Mexico, Chihuahua, and Sonora, and ultimate command of the travel and traffic that must flow from a railroad communication with the Pacific, we find California alive to the importance of her position, and the absolute necessity of a secure and rapid junction with the Atlantic States. Companies have been incorporated under Legislative enactments of California, and already one company has organized, and surveyed for actual location, a road from the fine harbor of San Diego to the eastern boundary of the State, at the junction of the Gila and Colorado. This, at least, is an important step, and exhibits the enterprise and foresight of the citizens of California forming the Company. They have fully demonstrated its entire practicability of construction, confirming the opinions and suggestions of Col. Gray in his report of previous reconnaissances.

The present Congress will most likely make further provision than the mere right of way granted to construct railroads through the territories, and we may expect Companies to be formed, carrying on the construction of the only remaining link from the Rio Grande to the Colorado river, a distance of about 578 miles through the Gadsden Purchase, and along the Gila Valley. We perceive that the Hon. Mr. Weller, from California, has already given notice of his intention, at an early day, to introduce a bill before the Senate for aiding and facilitating the construction of a railway to the Pacific. We trust, therefore, that as a pretty clear and definite knowledge of the country and difficulties to be overcome, is set forth in the various explorations for this purpose, and as the public sentiment is generally known, from full investigations of the reports, to be favorable to the Texas and Gila route; that sectional differences and protracted discussions will not be again brought up in Congress to prevent its speedy action for this great and indispensable work.

As we have already given a full description of the route through Texas to the Rio Grande, we will now set forth such statistics of the proposed line westward from that river at El Paso, as we have been enabled to glean from authentic sources.

The distance from El Paso to the junction of the Gila and Colorado Rivers is 578 miles, chiefly through the Gadsden purchase, which is a portion of the present territory of New Mexico. The area of this strip of country lying south of the Gila River is about 23,249 square miles, equal to 18,719,360 square acres, exclusive of that claimed by the United States in the Mesilla Valley discussion.

The "Mesilla Valley" proper is but a very small portion of even the originally disputed territory, which contained 6,000 square miles, but as the principal settlement was the town of Mesilla, on the Rio Grande, and the scene of Governor Lane's proclamation, and the Mexican General Trias' warlike demonstrations, the whole territory, including the \$10,000,000 purchase and tract in dispute, has received the name of the Mesilla Valley.

Captain Pope, of the Topographical corps, thus reports the agricultural resources of that section:—

The settled portion of the Mesilla valley is about ten miles in length along the river, and from one to three miles in width, to the base of the table-lands. It contains a population of about 3,000, and notwithstanding its equivocal position during the disputed question of boundary, and the constant annoyances and discouragement to the inhabitants in consequence of so precarious a condition, it has thrived wonderfully, and now raises nearly double the amount of products of the valley on the east side of the river. The village of Mesilla contains a population of 2,500, although first settled as late as 1850, and doubtless the settlement of the vexed question of jurisdiction will give a renewed impulse to its progress.

At Frontera, about five miles above El Paso, the Rio Grande commences to make its passage through the chain of mountains which intersect its course, and to a point immediately in the neighborhood of Molino, it is bordered closely on both sides by a range of high and rugged mountains. At Frontera, four miles above, the range on the west side subsides into the vast level table-lands, which extend with little interruption many miles to the westward; but on the east side the mountains gradually depart from the river, becoming more rugged and lofty, until they unite on the "Jornada del Muerto" with the continuous ridges of the Rocky Mountains. The river cuts through them between Frontera and Molino, by a succession of rapids, and at one place a perpendicular fall of two or three feet, and this passage has, from the period of its discovery by the Spaniards, been known as El Paso. The Mexican town of that name is about two miles below the debouchure of the river from the mountains.

With the exception of the limited strip between Frontera and Molino, the immediate valley of the Rio Grande is from two to five miles in width, and perfectly level, and the river traverses it from side to side in many sinuosities.

These level bottom-lands can be readily irrigated from the river, and possess a soil which, although not deep, and containing rather too large a proportion of sand for the notions of farmers in the United States, is nevertheless extremely fertile, and well adapted to the production of all cereal grains.

The system of irrigation renews the fertility of the soil by spreading over it every year a fat deposit several inches in thickness, which is brought down in suspension by the river, and to this deposit is undoubtedly due the fact that the Mexicans, for so many successive years, have been able to continue the same crops upon the land. The soil is only about four or five inches deep, and for cultivating it the Mexican implements have been conclusively shown, by experience of several years, to be the best.

The immediate valley of the river between Doña Ana and Frontera contains about 123,000 acres of arable land; and to form an estimate of its agricultural value, it will be sufficient to exhibit the products of the little strip of cultivated ground in the Mesilla valley for the year 1853. This can scarcely be considered a fair test, as the land was first settled in 1850, and the constant difficulties resulting from its equivocal relations with the two governments, and the impressment of the men into the Mexican army, have seriously interfered with its agricultural productions. There are about 16,000 acres in what is commonly known as the Mesilla valley, of which about 10,000 acres are under this partial cultivation.

The products for the year 1853 were as follows, viz:

Corn, 50,000 bushels, at 70 cents..... \$35,000
Wheat, 7,000 bushels, at \$1..... 7,000
Beans, 15,000 bushels, at \$2..... 30,000

and melons, fruits, and vegetables, in the most unlimited profusion.

For a population, therefore, of about three thousand, we have products

which, with a very indifferent market and under very unfavorable circumstances, have been worth about \$30,000.

An approximate estimate can be formed from these data of what would be the value of the products of these lands, with proper encouragement of security and good markets.

The most valuable feature, however, of the valley of the Rio Grande, is yet but partially developed; and as it ministers to the luxuries rather than to the necessities of life, it cannot, in the absence of demand for such things, occupy a very important place in the present wealth of New Mexico. I refer to the peculiar adaption of the valley to the culture of the grape. The east side of the Rio Grande is faced by chains of lofty mountains, at an average distance from the river of fifteen miles, which, at San Felipe at the north and El Paso at the south, impinge directly upon the banks. A semi-circular sweep of country is thus inclosed from the northern and eastern winds, and in consequence we find within it a very mild and equable climate, little subjected to the changes of the seasons. The river having a general course to the southeast, and the range of mountains on the east side being nearly parallel to it, the whole of this area has a southern and western exposure, and with a soil sufficiently fertile, and of great warmth, it is most wonderfully adapted to the culture of the grape. It attains here a flavor and richness unknown to any grape I have ever seen in the United States, and is produced, where cultivated, in the most profuse abundance.

An examination of the character and climate of this region exhibits a striking resemblance to those of the south side of Madeira, and it is much to be doubted whether this portion of New Mexico and Texas is at all surpassed in the quality of its grapes, even by that favored island.

As I said before, grapes and wine being articles of luxury rather than of necessity, the people of New Mexico are little able to develop this agricultural feature of their country; and without facilities for reaching a market, this source of wealth is completely useless.

There are comparatively few vineyards in the country, but they produce most abundantly a delicious grape, and the wine, although very rudely and imperfectly manufactured, and drunk in the same year, and probably within a few months after fermentation, is of fine flavor, and of several varieties. It is a matter of regret that no specimens of the wines were brought in for examination.

I am convinced that one of most important elements of the future wealth of New Mexico is to be found in its peculiar adaptedness to the manufacture of wine, and it needs but opportunity and encouragement to confirm the truth of this opinion.

The excellent pastoral character of the table-lands, which have been before referred to, has made New Mexico, for the present, peculiarly a stock country; and the expense of maintaining all kinds of stock is so little, that the people are able to drive immense herds north to California, and sell them at a very large profit. These expeditions are attended with great difficulty and some danger, and it is with much reluctance that the New Mexican overcomes his two besetting evils, timidity and indolence, sufficiently to induce him, even with the prospect of the largest gains, to undertake the journey to California.

Sheep and mules, because more easily taken care of, are probably the most numerous of their possessions of this kind; but the country is remarkably favorable to any kind of stock, both in climate and pasture.

The region of country for 120 miles west of the Rio Grande possesses but little inducements for cultivation and settlement. It, however, offers great facilities in the way of level plains, and is free from heavy cuttings or short curves. The more central part of the Gadsden Territory, however, contains quite a large district of country well watered and timbered. From Col. Gray's report we extract the following description of this country:

The route which I propose from the Rio Grande for a railway, in about 85 miles west, is intersected by the old copper-mine road, leading from Santa Rita del Cobre near the head of the river Gila, to Janos and Corralitas, towns in Chihuahua 60 miles south. At the point of intersection is a spring called Ojo Carrascal (Carrascal Land of Reed Grass.) Forty-five miles further, the route crosses La Playa (the Beach), or Dry Lake, at copious springs, upon Cook's road, (from Santa Fe to San Diego;) thence in five miles the summit of the divide between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans is reached, the Rio Grande on one side, flowing into the Gulf of Mexico—and the Rio Santa Domingo, or Rio Sante, (called by various names,) a tributary of the Gila, on the other side. Six miles from the summit on the same course, over a gentle slope, this line enters a deep gorge in the range extending from the Guadalupe canon to the Black Mountains of the Gila, and turning north-west, continues nine miles by a more rapid descent to the "Valle de Sauz" (Valley of willows,) which latter valley has numerous springs of good water, and extends entirely to the Gila, a distance of 60 miles north-west, averaging in width from eight to ten miles. The little stream that takes its rise in the Cienaga del Sauz (willow swamps,) upon the borders of which we bivouacked, ramifies in numerous veins for some miles, until it forms into a regular channel, and although not generally a living stream has plenty of water for all purposes necessary to make it valuable for grazing. I have traced this arroyo for a great distance, and in 1851 encamped upon it, near the Gila, when proceeding to survey a portion of the United States and Mexican boundary.

The ground from the Rio Grande to the Sauz Valley alternates from a sandy soil to occasional loam or clay, and is almost the whole way covered with grass, in many places the rich grama, and in others a coarser and less nutritious kind. There is no permanent drinking water found at the surface immediately adjacent to the line, except the different springs mentioned, where there is abundance, and every indication of its being had by wells at other points. Lakes of alkaline water, which would answer for locomotive use, were found. Fifty-five miles from the Rio Grande, and fifteen below this route, is found a small stream of pure water, that takes its rise south of Janos, in Chihuahua, runs north to the latitude of 31 deg. 35 min., where it turns suddenly east, thence south until it sinks into the ground a mile from Lake Guzman. It has a large and beautiful valley, at its north bend, with excellent soil, and huge alamos or cotton woods growing on its borders. It will, no doubt, become a valuable and desirable grazing district. At the north-west edge of Lake Guzman is a delightful warm spring, the water, when cooled, very excellent to taste. A few steps below where it gushes from the ground, is a wide basin about five feet deep, sufficient for twenty persons at a time to bathe in. It is constantly flowing, and of just the right temperature. During the few days I was detained here, determining its position and exploring the mountains on either side, our party enjoyed itself much.

There is no timber after leaving the Rio Grande, nearer this line than the Sierra Florida, and Burro mountains, 30 to 40 miles north, and on the Rio Guzman, (or San Miguel, as it is called at Janos,) until we reach La Playa springs, where, 10 miles south in the Sierra de los Animos, are found plenty of oak and pine. The Chiricahua range, which, on the west, faces the "Valle de Sauz," ten miles from the terminus of this section, is covered with a similar growth. It may prove more profitable, however, to use the timber of the Rio Grande than haul any distance by wagons. The cotton wood will, unquestionably, last two years in this climate after being laid.

From the edge of the Mesa, near Frontera on the river, there is only a rise of 315 feet in 128 miles, making an average grade of 2 1/2 feet to the mile. Several intermediate undulations and one or two low ridges, separating depressions in the plain occur, all which are very gradual. The ascent from the Dry Lake is 88-10 feet in five miles, making 53 7-10 feet to the mile, the maximum gradient necessary on this section. From the summit, for five miles west, there is a gradual fall of 11.210 feet per mile, when, through the gorge and to the willow-springs, a distance of 17 miles, there is a descent of 589 7-10 feet, making a gradient of 34 7-10 feet to the mile. Excavation and embankment will be light, until the approach to La Puerita, leading into the Valle de Sauz, where are black lava and granite rocks scattered about in much confusion, though offering no obstruction even to the easy transit of wagons. La Puerita is by far the best pass in this range that I know of; and having crossed further north two years previous to my present exploration, I am satisfied, it offers great facilities; besides being nearly in a right line west from Frontera, it cuts off some 40 odd miles from the other route by the town of Meida or Doma Anna. It is hidden from sight, until reaching the divide, when it suddenly opens to view. Had that indefatigable officer, Col. Cooke, in his famous march across the continent for the first time with wheel vehicles, known of this pass, he would have been saved the Herculean labor of forcing his way through the impracticable Guadalupe canon. Our encampment for the night was three miles off; and as we traile through it at early sunrise next morning, one of the arreros exclaimed, "La Grande Puerita;" and from its being the first opening upon the Pacific waters, I named it La Puerita—the door. None of the party but myself had previously been in this section of country, and there were no traces of any one having passed through it until now. The altitude of the summit of the divide is 4,714 feet, and greatest elevation of the door is 4,667 feet.

We are now over the great table; and from the highest shelf of the Rocky Mountains in this latitude, have descended one step of the Pacific slope. Between the meridians 104 deg. 30 min., and 109 deg. west longitude from Greenwich, lies this elevated Mesa. The eastern borders, resting on the Peons, are the Guadalupe and Sacramento mountains, one hundred miles from the Rio Grande; and western limit, the range running north from Cooke's Guadalupe canon, in which is the pass of La Puerita.

The San Pedro river, where we struck it, in latitude 31 deg. 34 min., is a small stream at this stage, about eight feet wide and shallow; between steep banks 10 feet high and 5 to 50 feet apart. At this point it is good water; but further down, where much alkaline matter is associated with the earth, it is a little brackish and not so pleasant to the taste. At three points that I have crossed it, it is a living stream, with large fish. At its mouth, where it joins the Gila, it spreads into passes, forming a sort of diminutive delta. Occasional bunches of mesquite and cotton wood are seen upon its borders, and in the neighboring ravines higher up towards the old San Pedro ranch, are found walnuts and ash. Abundant springs and large districts of grama were frequently met with from half a mile to a mile off. During an encampment of a month, in 1851, at what we called the San Pedro springs, some miles below our present ford, our animals fattened and recruited rapidly.

There were large haciendas and fine cattle ranches in this neighborhood, until a war of extermination was declared by the Apaches against the Mexicans. Remains of the old San Pedro ranch, are seen at this day; also the "Tres Alamos," and the ruins of the hacienda of Babocomeri, whose walls and towers are still standing. These were among the wealthiest of Sonora in horses, cattle, sheep, &c., but it has been many years since. It is a grazing region, with wild cattle and mustangs constantly seen roving over the plains.

The district from San Pedro to Santa Cruz valley, nearly due west from our present crossing (latitude 31 deg. 34 min.) will be to the Pacific slope what the region of Fort Chadbourne, in Texas, is to the Atlantic. The mountains

and hills are covered with splendid timber of the largest size, and fit for all purposes; and the valleys are full of springs, and the finest grass. * * *

The atmosphere is pure and healthy, and the climate agreeable winter and summer, except in the immediate vicinity of Santa Cruz, where there are swamps hemmed in by high mountains. Santa Cruz is a short distance from the line spoken of, and south of the national boundary. The mountains in the neighborhood are filled with minerals, and the precious metals are said to abound. The famous Planchas de Plata and Arrisonia silver mines, which the Count Rousset de Boulbon attempted to take possession of, are in this section of country, not many miles below the present limits, and at several of the old ranches and deserted mining villages which we visited, were found the argentiferous galena ore and gold. The Sierra Santa Rita, included within the Gadsden purchase, runs along to the east of the Santa Cruz valley, and forms a part of this interesting region. It is very high and bold, filled with little valleys and flowing rivulets, and covered with a dense growth of timber. I saw much of this district, when here in 1851, on the survey of the boundary.

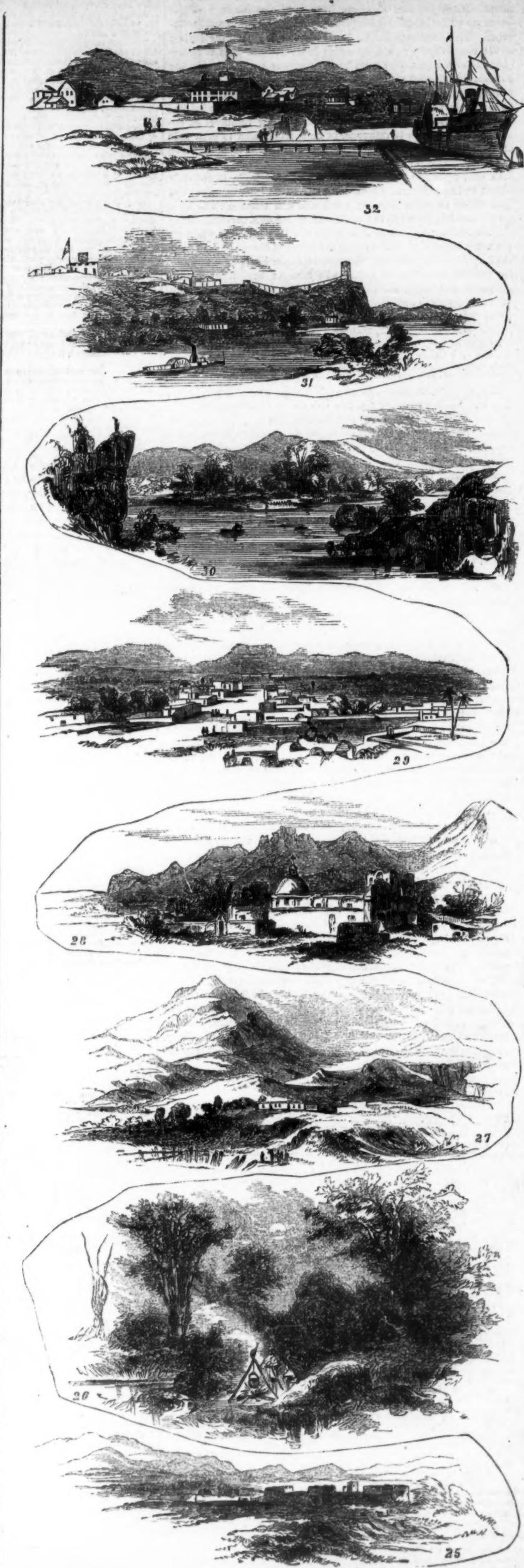
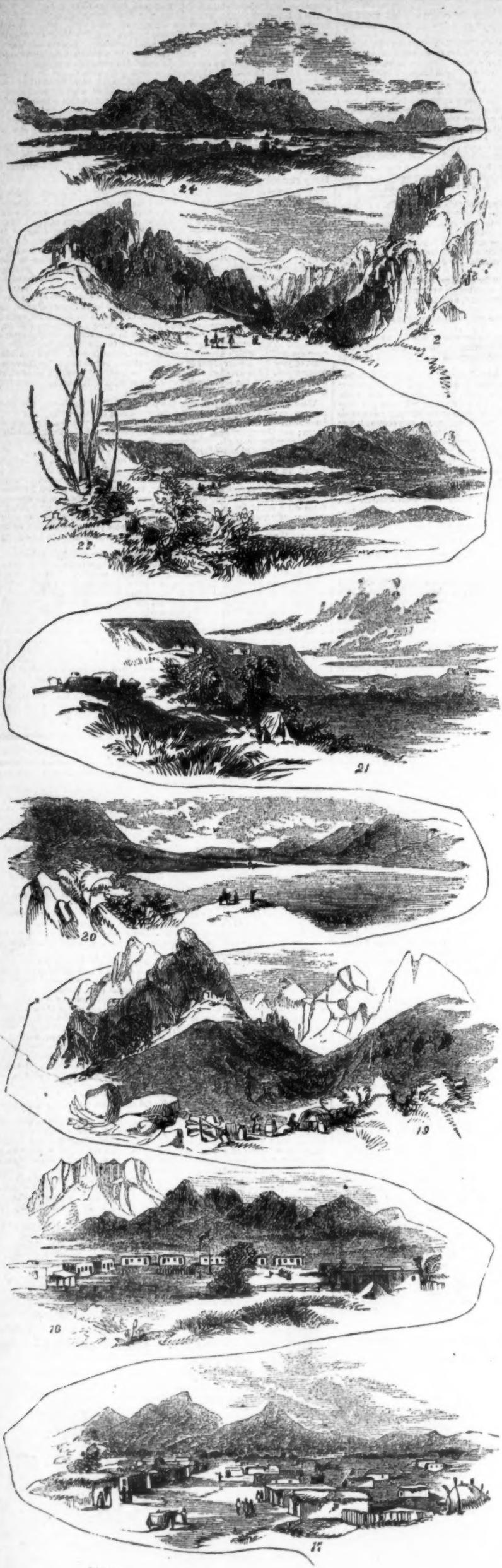
Referring to the region of Altar, and the country west of the valley of Santa Cruz, toward the head of the gulf of California, Col. Gray remarks that—

The locality of this region had never been correctly determined. Some good observations which I got place Altar in latitude 30° 45' 26" north. From this place to the junction of the Gila and Colorado, we ran a line, passing by the gold mining town of Sonora, and through an extensive mineral district. Sonora, by my observations, in latitude 31° 51' 19" north, and a short distance below the limits of our territory, is an Indian town, where the Gobernador of the Papigos resides, and also a few Mexican families. The valley is broad, with springs, and a small stream (the Sonora,) which flows a few miles in the dry months, when it sinks, like the river of San Diego, in California. During the rainy season, it extends for a long distance toward the gulf. Near Sonora, but within our own territory, are copper mines of surpassing richness. Some forty pounds of the ore which I brought away was of the red oxide of copper, producing 71.8 per cent. of metal. It was represented to yield gold of great value; but from an analysis of a specimen by Dr. Chilton, it exhibited no such indications. The Indians represent rich placers existing throughout this region, and large numbers of them had lately come in with considerable quantities of the dust. They were trading it off for trifles to the Mexicans. I got some specimens of it, which was the same as the California gold. This was not the time of year (June) for them to work the mines, but in fall, after the rain has commenced. The greatest drawback to the profitable working of the placers of this district is the scarcity of water. If artisanal wells succeed, there is little doubt that it will create an important change.

West from Tucson and Tubac, toward the Gulf of California, the country presents more the appearance of a barren waste or desert than any district I have seen. It nevertheless has occasional oases, with fine grazing lands about them; and the mountains, which are more broken and detached, have distinct marks of volcanic origin. The ranges, though short, have generally the same parallel direction as those further east. It is the country of the Papigo Indians, a peaceful and friendly tribe, extending down to the Gulf coast, where they are mixed up somewhat with the Cocopas of the Colorado. From Sonora I explored to the Gulf Shore, near the mouth of Adair Bay. It was sixty-two miles, following a dry arroyo most of the way, and the point at which I struck the Gulf was in latitude 31° 36' 34". The "Bay" is about fifteen miles across, and, from all I could learn, fifteen miles long, and represented as having four fathoms of water. It is completely encircled by a range of sand hills, reaching north-west to the Colorado river, and south-east as far as the eye could discover. These "sables" are probably eighty or ninety miles in extent, by five to ten broad.

Notwithstanding it appears to be the most desolate and forlorn-looking spot for eighty miles around the head of the Gulf, the sand-hills looking like a terrible desert, where no rain had fallen for eight months, nature seemed even here to have provided for the sustenance of man out of the most nutritious and palatable vegetables. In this naked spot I found a band of Indians (Papigos), almost in a state of nudity, living on fish and crabs caught in the salt creeks and lagoons of the Gulf; and a sort of root, which was after roasting upon hot coals, or dried in the sun, and ground on a metate (curved stone), with mesquit beans, forming "Pinole." In the latter state, it was not so palatable as our pinole made of parched wheat or corn; but the vegetable itself, when first gathered and cooked, was very luscious, resembling in taste the finest sweet potato, only far more delicate. It was very abundant in the hills, all except the top buried in the sand, and apparently attached to some other root or substance. Professor Torrey, of New York, to whom I submitted a specimen, discovered that it was an underground parasite, constituting a "new genus of the small group or family represented by the little known and anomalous Corallophyllum of Kunth, and the Phoainia of Nuttall, in the floral structure, and the scales more like the latter, from which it is distinguished by its woolly plumose calyx and its singular cyathiform inflorescence." The name agreed upon by Dr. Torrey and myself for this remarkable plant is *Anisocoma Sonora*, signifying sand food of Sonora.

Fifteen miles from Adair Bay is an immense bed of lava and volcanic stones, burnt and twisted into every conceivable shape; also a large and distinct crater in some of the cavities of the cliffs, we came across vast natural tanks of delicious water. We also discovered an extensive field of obsidian (volcanic glass), from which I procured some very interesting specimens. The country from Agua Salado, twenty miles below the ranches of Sonora, to the junction of the Gila and Colorado, is marked by long stretches of level plains, lying between ridges of rocks containing much feldspar and mica, which, from disintegrating, has formed a sandy and gravelly soil. The mountains for the first fifty miles have a peculiar whitish appearance, spotted over their summits and sides with myriads of boulders, from the size of a paving-stone to that of a ton weight, and occasionally very large masses. The rocks seem as if they had been





EXECUTION OF PORCIANO CORRAL, MINISTER OF WAR, NICARAGUA.

OUR COMPLAINT BOOK.

For some weeks past, the walk in front of the building now in course of erection, corner of Beekman and Nassau streets, has been covered by a scaffolding purposely for the accommodation of foot passengers, but evidently nothing was thought of, beyond facilitating the laborers in their work. Now Nassau is a narrow street, and one of our principal thoroughfares; in the morning and evening it is crowded with business men, and the thousands of girls and boys employed in the innumerable manufacturing establishments lying between Spruce and John streets. The temporary wooden sidewalk on which thousands and tens of thousands daily passed, was lined on the outside edge, by a number of planks

EXECUTION OF PORCIANO CORRAL, MINISTER OF WAR, NICARAGUA.

WHILE the people of Grenada were rejoicing over the proclamation of peace, and the organization of what appeared a permanent government, Gen. William Walker, as commander-in-chief of the army, and Gen. Porciano Corral, minister of war, entered the Grand Plaza of the city of Grenada. On the occasion referred to, amid the firing of cannon by the national troops, the two soldiers dismounted, embraced, and, with their respective staffs, proceeded to the Cathedral, where the parties were received by the clergy, and the new government, under Don Rivas (Gen. Walker declining to be president),

arrested, and the court, after a patient examination of the proofs and letters, found the prisoner guilty, and sentenced him to be shot. The finding of the sentence was confirmed on the 7th, and the penalty was to be executed the next day at two o'clock.

A quarter of an hour before the time appointed, the prisoner made his appearance, under an escort of soldiers, and, crossing the Plaza, took a seat in a chair provided for the occasion. The death sentence was then read by the officer of the day, when Gen. Corral, after a few moments' conversation with the priests in attendance, rose to his feet; and in a moment afterwards the sharp roll of musketry announced he was no longer among the living.



SCENE IN NASSAU STREET.

driven into the earth, and further obstructed, by two or three rough boards nailed up, as to incommodate every one by their projecting ends. An open space three feet wide, as exhibited by our engraving, No. 1, was all the room pedestrians had for egress or ingress, and yet this intolerable nuisance cou



THE FULTON MARKET NUISANCE.

was inaugurated with the usual solemn ceremonies. The two generals, in conclusion, reviewed the two army corps, composed of the native troops and Gen. Walker's American phalanx, now united into one body, and a grand national salute was again fired. The people of Nicaragua congratulated each other upon happy future, and prophesied a new era of happiness had commenced. Large numbers of citizens, who had fled during the preceding troubles, returned to their homes. The peace that prevailed, however, was not to be of long duration; for it would seem that Spanish treachery was at work, and that the minister of war, even while being installed into his new office, was entertaining in his breast the knowledge of a foul conspiracy against the very government he was organizing.

On the 5th of November letters were given to Gen. Walker, conclusive of Corral's treason. The minister of war was immediately

THE FULTON MARKET NUISANCE.

FULTON STREET is a narrow, and until very recently, was a very ill-paved thoroughfare. It is one of the chief outlets of our great metropolis, for through it passes and repasses the largest portion of the population of Brooklyn, on its way to and from New York. At the foot of Fulton street is the old Fulton market, a rookery that seems to keep upon its legs, not by any remaining strength of its rotten foundation, but by the accumulated filth that reeks and festers in its interior. On the left side of Fulton street, the foot-passenger is obliged, for an entire block, to run the gauntlet of all sorts of stands, ranging from those devoted to the sale of fried chow-mein, pumpkin-pies, and rotten potatoes, up to the more dignified business of wholesaling molasses-candy, tooth-ache-drops, and "yellow-kivered literature." This terrible "pass" is walled in on one side by the stands alluded to, and on the other are a series of doors opening into oyster-saloons, reeking with rancid grease, fried oysters, and tobacco-smoke. The pavement is entirely hidden by peanut-shells, orange-

SCENE IN NASSAU STREET.

have been done away with, had a carpenter used a saw five minutes, and decapitated the heads of the intruding lumber. Any necessary obstacles in the streets can be and are borne with patience, but it is the utter disregard of the rights of pedestrians, displayed in places, where a few moments of well directed industry would remove them, that calls forth the public's indignation. Our picture, No. 2 displays the street obstruction that has existed opposite the Nassau bank, which has been a severe inconvenience to the passage of vehicles and the life and limbs of human beings. Shall not our public authorities move and do something to remove the causes of these complaints? 

peeling, and rotten apples. Along the whole of this dismal walk, into which the sun never shines, is to be met a class of loafers, who appear to have been germinated by the filth of the market, just as gad-flies are in compost, and who hang about through the day, leering their beastly faces under the bonnets of lady passers-by, and loading the already offensive atmosphere with oaths and coarse jests. At night, these "depravities find sleeping-places under empty boxes, or on the butchers' stalls, ready, at any moment to awaken to renew their life of crime and vulgarity. The debouching place of this terrible pass forms the subject of our illustration. By an ingenious and gradual absorption of the sidewalk, from time to time, by the "settlers on this public domain," the population of Brooklyn in the year, multiplied by its daily going to and fro into millions of human beings, are obliged to pass through a narrow opening, *some five feet wide* when it comes into the street, the edge of the sidewalk being connected with the street by a slab *two feet wide*! Such are the facilities for progression our "efficient public authorities" offered our people at Fulton Ferry; and for this vast inconvenience, physical degradation, and moral turpitude, the treasury for the rent for stalls may possibly receive the enormous sum of twenty or thirty dollars. The street opposite the opening of the dread thoroughfare is a constant scene of excitement. Omnibus-drivers mix the heavy wheels of their vehicles, with ponderous oaths, while carmen, blustering and bullying, come along in vast and connected trains, and swing their cart-rungs and curses on the heads of innocent women and children, who in vain endeavor to seek a place of safety on the sidewalk. Pigs escape from the sty, that festers on the river-side of the street, and wend their confused way among the legs of enraged men, occasionally upsetting two or three apple-women, who instantly add their shrill qualling to the already deafening sounds of motley confusion. Meanwhile the police (provided nothing serious is going on, and then they disappear in the side-groceries) hang about, and by virtue of their office, escape the annoyances that overwhelm private citizens, and manage to get through the long hours by detailing jests peculiar to the "perilous," smoking execrable segars, and arresting some old gentleman who has been run over by a hand-cart, or little boy who happens to smile at the absurdity of their being guardians of the public peace. Such is the dimly-drawn picture of the nuisance at the foot of Fulton, which could be removed by the simple flat of our mayor. The old rookeries could be torn down; the street then could be widened to a convenient size; the walks could be arranged to accommodate twenty persons abreast; the police could arrest and clear out the attendant loafers; some little reform might be introduced among buss-drivers; in short, if our public authorities had the least interest in the welfare and happiness of our citizens, the "great complaint" we bring before the public would be done away with.

SPORTING CHRONICLE

THE FIELD, THE FOREST, THE TURF, THE RIVER, AND THE ROAD.
Prepared weekly for the Illustrated Newspaper, by
FRANK FORESTER.

This season of the year, pre-eminently beautiful and bright, as it has been and as it still continues, the glorious sunshine and the blue skies of early autumn lingering literally into the lap of winter, is that especially dear to the sportsman; who, gun in hand, whether smooth-bore or grooved-barrel, seeks at once health and recreation on the field or in the forest, breathing the exhilarating atmosphere of the breezy mountain-top, or the brisk saline gales that ruffle the broad bays of the South side, or the fowl-haunted lagoons of the Jersey shore. And if this season has been genial and prolific of earth's produce to the rejoicing agriculturist, no less bounteous has it been to the gunner of the game he loves to follow, whether of fur or feather.

Woodcock were bred abundantly this spring, in the open lowlands or flat swampy groves of the river margins, induced to do so by the extreme dryness of the vernal season—a fact which led superficial observers of the habits of animals to prognosticate an exceeding dry summer—as if the instincts of birds were prophetic, and their actions were regulated not by the existence of present, but by their knowledge of future, circumstances. The writer, viewing this subject differently, and regarding the fact that an unusually dry and rainless winter and spring are rarely succeeded by an arid summer, ventured to predict much rain and considerable heat. The rains came; and, enabling the birds to feed in almost every meadow and gully, caused their dispersion, and, in some degree, protected them from the injurious and exterminating summer-slaughter, which, favored by undiscriminating legislature, and sanctioned by custom,

"More honored in the breach than the observance,"

is rapidly annihilating the species, dear alike to the sportsman and the epicure. Hence they have been unusually plentiful this fall; and no severe frost nor any snow having yet occurred, they have lingered longer than their wont in our northern districts, and have oftener cheered the fowler's heart by their quivering whistle and the *flip-flap* of their rising flutter, than in several preceding autumns.

Quail, also, which wintered during the past year unharmed by treacherous snow-drifts hard with icy crust, such as too often entomb thousands of hapless beavers, and depopulate whole districts of beautiful and merry bob-white, bred well, and have amply rewarded the toil of pursuit, though for some reason not easily understood, the supply in the markets has been less than in ordinary years—perhaps because the mildness of the season has deterred the market-furnishers of the great west from sending on their thousands and tens of thousands, until the reign of steady cold may secure their safe transmigration to the sea-board cities.

The ruffed-grouse, partridge, or pheasant, as it is variously, and, in the two latter names, improperly called, is also at this moment in full season, and is said to abound this year exceedingly in the eastern States. On the table, this bird is, in our judgment, when wisely roasted to turn, served up with fried crumbs and bread sauce, flavored with a head of celery, and lubricated by a glass of old dry manzanilla, the most unimpeachable of game; but owing to its uncertain habits, its roving disposition, and the way it has of rambling over leagues of country between one day and the succeeding evening, as well as its trick of running before setters or pointers, and rarely taking wing until out of gunshot, it is not a favorite of ours in the forest, nor one likely to give much sport to any man who hunts fairly and shoots flying. To the miserable miscreant who *treys* them by aid of a tailless cur, and knocks them off their perch with two ounces of No. 4 out of a rusty kingsarm, the ruffed-grouse doubtless affords a profitable chase; but such a creature would butcher the mother quail upon her nest, spear the spawning salmon on her bed, and, in fine, eat the head of his grandfather, *without the sauce* which, as the incomparable Ude has declared, is necessary to render such a *plat* moderately enticing.

The ducks and geese, which usually at this time congregate in millions at the great South bay, or Squan and Barnegat beaches, at Great and Little Egg harbors, and in all the coves and lagoons from Montauk Point to Cape May, have appeared as yet sparsely, and in small flights only, in consequence of the protracted autumn and long-deferred winter. It needs sharp cold and blustering breezes before the flying squadrons are seen and heard cleaving the pale blue skies at early dawn, with their arrowy wedges, and with their brave, trumpet tones, intoxicating the heart of the ambushed gunner *lying low* in his hidden skiff under the sheltering thatch of that leeward *hassock*. But though they linger yet, and the musket hangs idle on its hooks above the yawning fire-place, in which no roaring cords of wood have thus far been needed, Christians must bring its train of snows and icicles, and January its roiling north-wester; and, though the gunner may "blow his nail," he shall not at least lack his reward, nor, we trust, will our Christmas board want its accustomed wildgoose, with its appropriate condiments of hot port wine, spiced with cayenne and pinimento.

The Chesapeake, the Potomac, the gunpowder and the rest, meantime, are alive with canvas-backs, red-heads, widgeons, and scaups—so many widgeon, or, as the gunners call them, baldpates, we have not seen for years in the market as this season; and great is the rejoicing, great the bellowing of heavy duck-guns, and the feathering of southward-sailing flocks, at Carroll's Island, Abbey's Point, and around Spesutic—great the mandating of the celery-fed fowl about the bounteous boards of Baltimore.

Now is the time for deer-stalking; and the ridges of the Blue Chain, the forest-clad and rock-ribbed sides of Poconos, and "the deer-haunted forests of Maine," are ringing far and near to the crack of the death-dealing rifle; nor while he singles out the largest does the forest-ranger entirely forget the small—as we may see by the long-eared Canadian hares, not yet snow-white, but grizzly and speckled in their soft thick pelage, swinging, suggestive of rich soups and savory ragouts, about friend Facker's royal stall in mid-Washington.

This, it is said, is their season; for if, as the harmonious Hemans has so beautifully sung—

"Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—"

as certainly has game its time to be shot, cooked and eaten; and all these three are good things, excellent in their way, when done duly, with regard to the fitness of the season, in thankful moderation, not overstepping the modesty of nature. Shoot, therefore, gentle gunner, while the law permits and the season favors; eat, therefore, gentle gourmand, while it is fair to do so; but remember thou of the first part, that it is cruel alike, and unsportmanlike to slaughter for the mere sake of slaughter; and that when the bitter winds are awake, and the grain left scattered over the harvested fields is buried in impenetrable snow, there is no sport in butchering the hapless wild things rendered tame by cold and starvation, and covering for shelter under the leafless brake, or visiting, timidly, under the necessity of famine, your barnyard or your garden shrubberies—and give ear, thou, of the second part, to that wise fable which telleth of that clown who slew the goose which laid the eggs of gold; and do not then

do likewise; but bethink thee, that, if it be said, the merciful man is merciful to his beast, it is no where written that he shall not be merciful to the wild bird also, and that there is One who keeps account of every sparrow that falls from heaven—especially out of season.

FRANK FORESTER.—Dear Sir—I take the liberty of addressing you, to ascertain the species of a duck which I shot on the — of October.

I was shooting on that day on Cape Elizabeth, near the "Bowyery," which is about seven miles south-east of Portland, when I suddenly came across a small fresh-water pond, about one hundred and fifty yards in diameter, and about a mile from the Ocean.

Having reached the pond, I peeped cautiously through the fir-trees, which densely skirt its banks, and discovered a duck, swimming away, at about fifty yards distance; I immediately fired, and at the report, the duck turned over on her back, dead, and seemed to be less tenacious of life than any other duck I have ever shot. On showing her to some of the "old gunners" on Cape Elizabeth, they said it was some kind of a coot—this being the name they give to the Surf-duck, &c.—and that they had never seen one exactly like it before. I returned home on the following day, and showed the duck to a friend of mine—whose father had the pleasure of your acquaintance, when you visited our little city—who, at first sight, pronounced it a Winter-duck, *Fuligula bimaculata*—and on his producing your excellent little work, entitled, "American Game in its Seasons," we compared our specimen with that given in the book. The "specific character" exactly corresponded with your description: the head was elongated, and elevated toward the corona; the forehead protruding, and feathered one-third the length of the bill; the bill was much elevated along the dorsal outline, decurved and flattened toward the tip; the *analis* was very broad on both mandibles, indeed the *analis* on the lower mandible very closely resembled, except in size, the nail of a negro; the neck was short and stout, and the body was broad, thick, and much depressed; the wings and legs were both very far back; in short, her whole appearance corresponded exactly with your description. Her plumage was also the same as given in your book, and her colors also corresponded, her legs being dull orange, showing her to be a female; and the two white spots, one at the base of the upper mandible, and a larger, more irregular one behind the posterior angle of the eye, were plainly visible. The only exceptions being, that the secondaries were not at all banded with white, and that there were no signs of a speculum.

Her measurements were as follows: length to tip of tail, 19½; to tip of middle toe, 21½; length of wing, 9½ inches; extent of wing, 30 inches; tarsus, 1½ inches. All the other measurements corresponded with those in your book. Her weight was one pound fourteen ounces, but she was in rather poor condition.

All these things would tend to show that she was a small female Winter-duck, except that she had no speculum, and measured three inches more across the wings than your male specimen, but when measuring her wings, I stretched them to their utmost extent. The last proof, however, was in the eating, and every person that tasted her, pronounced her most delicious; indeed, so rich and succulent was her flesh, that it almost melted in the mouth, being superior to a Duckey-duck which I shot on the same day, and better, I think, than either the Blue or Green-winged teal, both of which I shot and ate in September.

I found no description of this bird in Wilson's ornithology, the only one to which I had access; and being very desirous to call everything that I shoot by its proper name, and not according to common parlance, and knowing that you, sir, are the only one that can give me *definite* information, I have taken the liberty of addressing you, which I hope you will pardon; and if you will please to answer my inquiries, I shall be exceedingly indebted to you.

Yours, respectfully,

To this very intelligent and agreeable correspondent a letter was returned, in regular course of mail; but as the matter at issue is of interest to the lovers both of sport and natural history, we have thought well to transfer it to our columns, with the following reply, which was transmitted to the writer, and a few remarks in explanation.

Beyond all doubt, this duck was a young immature, male or female, judging from the size and weight—probably the former, of the *Fuligula bimaculata*, or winter duck, of the great Georgian Bay or Lake Huron, in its first season. No wild duck assumes its full adult plumage until after its second month, and the *speculum*, beauty spot, or spangle, as it is sometimes called, across the secondaries of the wings, constitutes an important part of the complete adult plumage. In the first specimen of this fowl which we ever had an opportunity of examining, and which was a small female bird, the secondaries were all, or mostly, wanting, having been plucked out for some purpose by the Indian who was exposing it for sale; and it was not until much later in the same season—the autumn of 1849—when we had an opportunity of inspecting, examining at leisure, dissecting and describing a great number of this species of wild fowl, killed by a party of which we formed a portion, that it was possible distinctly to arrive at all the characteristics of the bird in question, and, among these, at the invariable white band, or *speculum*, across the secondaries, in all the adults, both male and female.

Our correspondent seems to have erred in supposing that there is in this fowl a *speculum* distinct from the white band tipping the secondaries, as that band itself constitutes the *speculum*, or beauty spot. It is, however, properly correct in referring the difference between his measurement of the wings extended and that given at page 342 of the volume mentioned, to his having over-extended the wings, as is evident from the fact, that the length of the wing, taking singly, is, by him stated at 9½ inches, while in that volume it is given at 9¾; whereas his measurement of the wings extended, from tip to tip, including the breadth of the body, is three inches in excess.

For the benefit of such young sportsmen as desire, like our friend from Portland, to contribute their mite to natural history, and any and every intelligent observer can do so with advantage to science, we would observe, that the true way of measuring the *extent* of any bird is to lay it on the breast, expand, but not stretch, the wings, as nearly as possible in the attitude of the living fowl when flying, and then to measure with a tape in a direct line from tip to tip.

The duck in question is a species of *Fuligula*, or sea duck, as they are usually termed—first, we believe, discovered, classified, and named by ourselves; no description of it being found, so far as we can ascertain, in any American fauna, nor any sportsman or naturalist, to whom we have mentioned the species, having killed or seen the bird, except in the far north-west. It was found by us, in the year above mentioned, in the great Georgian Bay, the Nottawasaga, and the Matchedash; and we subsequently learned that it is a constant winter-visitant of the Manitoulin Islands, and that it winters on the open waters of Lake Winnebago, and probably of other unfrozen pools and streams of that latitude. It is unknown on the flats of Lake St. Clair, and on Lakes Erie and Ontario; nor have we heard of its existence except far in the north-west, but on this occasion mentioned by our present correspondent, and on one other, when the same kind of bird was shot, in company with the Golden Eye, *Fuligula Clangula*, another fowl of the same family, by an officer of H. M. Royal Canadian Rifles, near Prescott, on the St. Lawrence, where it was wholly unknown both to sportsmen and naturalists, on which account he did us the honor of writing for information on the subject.

A glance at any Atlas will show that the three localities, Lake Winnebago, Prescott, and Portland, vary little from the same latitude, and they are probably nearly identical in climate; but it is remarkable that a fowl, which is, while in the United States, purely and unmistakably a fresh-water duck, should have strayed so far from its usual haunts as to be found within a mile of the Atlantic Ocean beaches. Doubtless, during the summer months, and the season of nidification, like its myriads of congeners, the winter-duck resorts to the far solitudes of the inner Arctic and Polar seas, where it rejoices in the brief sunshine and perfect security of those unfrequented regions; but it has never, so far as we may judge from the silence in which it is passed by the natural historians, to whom the sea-boards have long been familiar, been seen or classified as a visitor of any—even the northernmost—of the north-eastern seas. It appears, late in the autumn, probably when expelled from its hyperboreal breeding places by the total congelation of the waters, on the north-eastern lakes and rivers, wherever the surface is unfrozen, so that it may find subsistence, feeding, in those districts where we have found it, on the wild rice and eel grass, and deriving from them the delicious flavor and succulence noted by our correspondent, and which, in our opinion, renders it scarcely inferior in excellence to the right royal canvas-back.

In conclusion, we would observe, that we always receive correspondence on this and kindred subjects with gratification, and shall always endeavor to furnish our sporting friends with whatever information they may desire, and we may command.

SUCCESSFUL SPORT.—Mr. George Rogers, residing in Brooklyn, on a recent hunting excursion north of Pine Head, Long Island, as the result of four days' work, bagged eighty-two quails, seventeen partridges, nineteen rabbits, and concluded by unexpectedly coming across a spike buck, which he succeeded in killing with a charge of No. 6 shot. The venison weighed ten hundred and eighty-nine pounds. We question whether better sport could be recorded of any other locality in the whole Union.

WEEKLY REGISTER.—THE TURF.

THERE has not been much of interest to horsemen during this past week. We note only the following trot, which is, in no respect, remarkable in point of time, although the horses are of some celebrity:

CENTREVILLE COURSE, L. I.—TROTTING.

TUESDAY, Dec. 11.—Match, \$1,000, mile heats, best three in five, in harness.

H. Woodruff named b. g. Know Nothing..... 1 1

H. Peabody named r. g. Tacony..... 2 2 2

TIME:

	First Heat.	Second Heat.	Third Heat.
First quarter.....	38	38	38
Second quarter.....	1:16	1:16	1:16
Mile.....	2:40	2:38	2:43½

FUNCH, in a recent number, is quite facetious over what it is pleased to term "American newspaper intelligence." The example "of intelligence" given, is the statement in a paper published in the neighborhood of this city, "that the husband of the Princess Royal, on the death of Victoria, will ascend the British throne." Anything that will afford humor for Funch is philanthropy, for it has had very little funny capital since the Crimean war commenced, but it may not be amiss to mention, that the learned "American editor" who made such a terrible derangement of the "succession," is a veritable subject of Queen Victoria, and received his education "under the very shadow of the throne."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE OF THE WEEK.

CLERICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. Curtis Tally, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at Pennington, N. J., last Tuesday.

The Rev. Thomas Daly, Pastor of the Roman Catholic St. Peter's Church, in Troy, N. Y., resides at East Troy, but requests letters, &c., to be sent to Troy.

The Rev. F. H. Purdy, a celebrated revivalist, is preaching with great success in the Congress street Methodist Episcopal Church, in Troy, N. Y.

The Rev. D. D. Woodworth, in Holland, N. Y., has resigned his pastoral charge, and accepted the unanimous call of the Baptist Church in Busti, N. Y.

The Rev. R. F. Buel and lady, of the Greek Mission, in connection with the Baptist Church, are now in this city.

The Rev. John S. Dewey has undertaken, for the present, the charge of St. Paul's Mission Church, in New Haven, Conn.

The Rev. Edward P. Crane was recently ordained and installed pastor of the Rockland Lake, Old School, Presbyterian Church, N. Y.

The Rev. F. W. Hilliard, of Washington county, N. C., has been ordained Deacon by Bishop Atkinson.

The Rev. John H. Linebaugh, late rector of Emanuel Church, Athens, Ga., has resigned his charge.

Bishop Whitehouse recently ordained Mr. C. C. Barclay Deacon, in Grace Church, Chicago, Illinois.

The Rev. E. B. Turner was recently installed pastor of the First Congregational Church in Morris, Illinois.

The Rev. M. G. Wheeler has been installed over the Congregational Church in South Dartmouth, Mass.

Mr. Charles Howard Malcolm, second son of the Rev. Dr. Malcolm, was recently ordained a Baptist minister in Philadelphia.

The Rev. E. B. Cleghorn has been appointed Chaplain at Callao, South America, by the Seamen's Friend Society.

The Rev. John Mcintosh, D.D., has been elected President of the Troy University, New York. It has an endowment of \$200,000.

The Rev. Henry Allyn, of the Nashville (Tenn.) Circuit, died November 21st, of the typhus fever.

New Local Tale.

ELLEN ROSS.—THE ORPHAN'S STORY.

By LIEUTENANT HOBES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER I.

"Believe not those that lands possess,
And think that he is of yellow ore,
The soft tort of honest men,
But rather those that know
For what kind fate bestow,
And have the heart to use the store,
That have the generous skill to bear
The hated weight of poverty."

CRESC.

Above the many splendid mansions which grace that aristocratic portion of our city—the Fifth Avenue—none presented a more gorgeous appearance than that of the millionaire, NELSON ROSS. As in its outward splendor, so in its internal arrangement, money had been lavishly expended.

Its owner ranked among the most favored of our "Merchant Princes." Years of industry, close application, and successful speculation, had brought their sure reward, and for every copper that the poor boy possessed, when he first arrived in the metropolis, the rich man now counted thousands.

Mr. Ross had married, some twenty years before the opening of our story, the daughter of a brother merchant.

Two years of their married life were passed in the peculiar galantries of their "set," when Mrs. Ross was called to perform the maternal duties so welcome to the true woman. A daughter made her appearance, and the little Ellen was born. To the developing mind of the child's character the kind mother brought every aid, and she lived long enough to witness in her darling the perfection of those qualities and attributes that enabled their possessor beyond the mere contingencies of birth and wealth.

At the age of seventeen, ELLEN was compelled to mourn the loss of her devoted mother. This, her first grief, for a time threw a pall of darkness over her life, but the light of hope to cloudless life; but time, "the assurance of all sorrow," gently removed the veil, and we now find her basking in the sun ray of life.

Among the many ambitious friends in their attentions to the grief-stricken ELLEN, PERCY GRANT was most successful in drawing her mind up from its buried treasure. She listened with tearful eyes to his words, and found in his expressed sympathy and apparent share of her affliction a solace to her heart. But her gentle tear for fear with the mourner, or gave smile for smile with the grief. Insidiously he stole into the place made vacant so lately, and by watching true sympathizers with the gentle ELLEN, and warding them off, he came to be regarded by her as one of the necessities of her existence.

Percy was a wealthy "gentleman." His father, at his death, left his sole son, who had already, than quite a youth, exhibited many traits far from commendable, an ample fortune.

When at maturity he came into the possession of it, he began the indulgence of those bad passions, the germs of which had been buried so long. In his own circle, none could have been more cautious than he of giving offence by word or deed; and yet few, of the sterner sex, as he, could be more given to the love of a true, be it even a bearded, child like ELLEN. She, however, knew no evil; and the heart that is innocent suspects no guile in another.

ELLEN did not love him with the deep devotedness that her heart could feel; but he had rendered himself useful to her in many ways. His arm was ever the first offered to assist her. He was attentive in the extreme; she never had thought of him as a lover; but she would have been glad to see him.

Percy had found it easy to win over Miss Ross, from the fact of her father being deeply engaged in a new business operation, that demanded his undivided attention, and be gladly gave place to the son of an old friend in the promenade or the carriage, thus relieving himself of the duty. A thought of GRANT's unworthiness never crossed his mind, for he would have resented in the full approach to his only child, by one against whom the least murmur could be uttered.

As we before said, the mansion of NELSON Ross had no superior in point of architectural magnificence, or interior elegance in all that "patrician" avenue. To that mansion let us conduct our readers. Bright eyes were glancing in beauty upon stately forms and manly features in the parlors we have dared to enter. The chandeliers emitted from their incandescent jets, rays, which lighted up a scene of gaiety seldom equalled, never surpassed.

The favored daughters of fortune dazzlingly flashed with their jewels and ornaments before the eye. The pampered sons of luxury strutted there, in the assumed greatness of high position. All were merry, all were gay. The fashion, the beauty, and tone of the talent of the city, were to be seen in this festive scene.

The heiress, ELLEN Ross, had entered upon another year of her existence, and this was her 18th birthday.

"Eighteen to-day, fair maid!" cried the lofty MYRIA HAWKINS, as she sank upon the velvet sofa beside her friend. "A sunny spot is her journey, truly; but may the future be as bright as is this scene, in all your wandering, ELLEN."

"Thank you, MYRIA," answered ELLEN. "I trust it may; but who knows the future?" It is a sealed volume, and wisely so.

"What?" exclaimed PERCY GRANT, "are you moralizing? Indulging in forebodings and fears upon this joyous occasion?"

"No," replied Miss HAWKINS. "I was merely congratulating Miss Ross upon her arrival at a respectable good old age, and wishing she might long retain it."

"Amen!" responded GRANT, in a tone that the artless ELLEN understood it perfectly, and she saw that it had its intended effect upon her friend.

"But MYRIA," smilingly inquired ELLEN, "where is your attendant, the magnificent COUNT? Report has given you to each other, and we are all anxious to know what has become of him."

"I shall endeavor to satisfy myself," was PERCY's rejoinder, as he crossed the room to make his bow to a party previously unnoticed by him.

"ELLEN, can it be true that you are attached to Mr. Percy?" inquired MYRIA, as she watched that gentleman's motions.

This was a pointed question, and for a moment ELLEN was uncertain what reply to make. But her sense of truth would permit no equivocation, so she merely assented by a motion of the head.

"And you intend to unite yourself to him?"

"This is more than I can divine. Ask me if I am attached to him, and I will tell you. I am. So far as I can see, his future movements, or his present intentions, to my mind, may be answered, if presented personally to the gentleman!"

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"ELLEN, can it be true that you are attached to Mr. Percy?" inquired MYRIA, as she watched that gentleman's motions.

This was a pointed question, and for a moment ELLEN was uncertain what reply to make. But her sense of truth would permit no equivocation, so she merely assented by a motion of the head.

"And you intend to unite yourself to him?"

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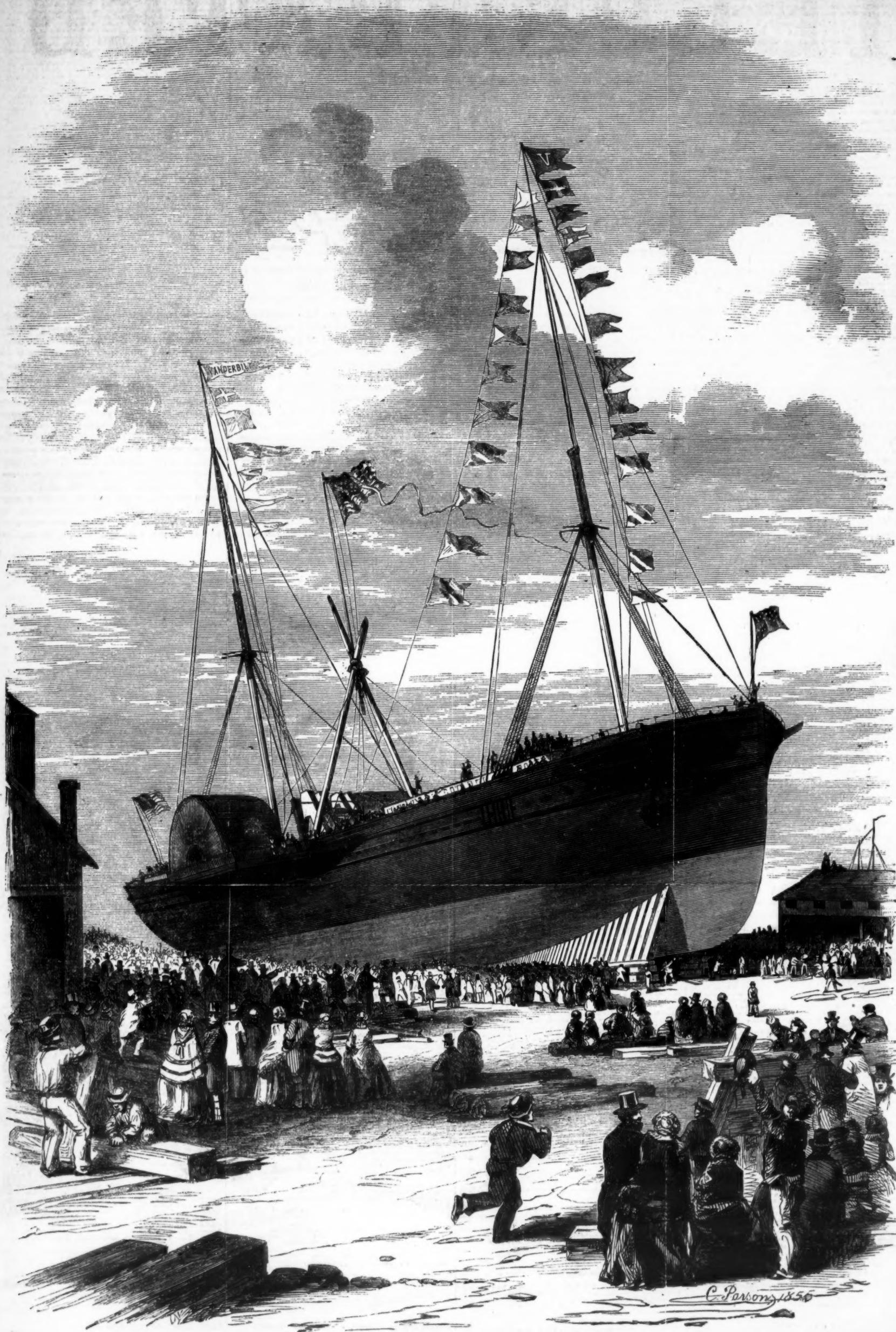
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